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## RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

THE case of Poland and Russia has now been fully stated by all the parties to the controversy. From a comparison of the despatches it appears that the three Western Governments had, to a certain extent, concerted their answers, although England and Austria declined to join with France in an identical Note. All the Ministers use some of the same arguments, in nearly the same order, and the concluding menace or warning to Russia is common to all the despatches. Although it is impossible to move freely in diplomatic fetters, Lord RUSSELL and his French and Austrian colleagues have recorded a forcible protest against the rejection by Russia of their overtures in favour of Poland. It was, perhaps, a waste of time to bandy half-truths and abstract phrases about the relative duties of subjects and of Governments. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF asserts that clemency and justice must be preceded by submission to lawful authority; and Lord RUSSELL, with equal plausibility, argues that obedience ought to be the result, and not the condition precedent, of equitable administration. A more direct contradiction is provoked by the Russian pretence that the Polish insurrection has been instigated by foreigners, and by the professed promoters of revolution. The cosmopolitan conspiracy against order is a cherished fiction of despotic Governments. There may be democrats and theoretical malcontents in many parts of the Continent, but experience shows that they have neither an efficient organization nor a common purpose. The beneficent revolution in Italy, which is the greatest of recent political changes, was a purely national movement, directed by moderate politicians, and principally supported by the classes which are most directly interested in the maintenance of law and in the protection of property. The Polish movement is not less strictly indigenous, and the Russian Government is perfectly aware that it has not originated with Frenchmen, with Englishmen, or with Italians. The Russians themselves, while in diplomatic documents they describe the insurgents as partisans of anarchy, appeal in their domestic proclamations to the dregs of the people, against the unanimous determination of the landowners, the traders, the clergy, and the citizens of the towns. It is absurd to maintain that the upper and middle classes, in any country, incur fearful sufferings and dangers for the sake of overturning the foundations of civil society. The exposure, however, of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's fallacies and inaccuracies is the least important part of the despatches. Like pleadings in an English action at law, the communications of the three Powers are intended, not to argue the question, but to bring the dispute to a definite issue. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's concise reply amounts to a traverse or denial of the allegations on the other side, and, again to borrow the language of pleaders, thereupon issue is joined. There is no room for further exchange of statement or opinion, and it only remains for the plaintiffs to determine whether they will bring the case to trial.

The elaborate paper addressed by the National Government of Poland to Prince CZARTORYSKI is in itself far more interesting than the formal communications of the three Courts, as it treats, with fuller knowledge and without conventional reticence, of the real objects of the insurgents, and of the actual conduct and policy of Russia. The entire document deserves attentive study, as the ablest exposition of the dispute which has hitherto been authoritatively published. Not the least forcible part of the apology for Poland is the argument which the anonymous Government deduces from its own existence, and from the general recognition and obedience which it commands. Terrorism, as the writer truly observes, may produce sullen and passive submission; but no community was ever yet intimidated into active self-sacrifice and into exploits of unparalleled heroism. The sycophantic or careless slanderers who taunt the Poles with

the anarchy which deformed one period of their history ought to be silenced by the spectacle of the severe and voluntary discipline which the nation has imposed upon itself under its anonymous rulers. The deliberate system of robbery and murder which has been instituted by MOURAVIEFF, and formally approved by the Emperor ALEXANDER, is the foulest example of anarchy which has been exhibited in Europe since the days of MARAT and ROBESPIERRE. As the three Courts remind the Russian Government, every deliberative Assembly in Europe has denounced the atrocity of a social war in which the peasantry are bribed by the plunder and massacre of proprietors. If further authority is required, the proof of criminality is completed by the sympathy of the Republican party in America with the Russian assassination of Poland. Extreme wickedness is naturally congenial to unprecedented perversity. The National Government complains with peculiar bitterness of the foreign aid by which the oppressor profits, while he hypocritically complains that the insurrection is supported from without. Prussian troops guard the North-western frontier of Poland for Russia, and intercept the arms which form the most urgent want of the insurgents. If the National Government is to be believed, the leaders have often been obliged to reject the services of recruits because they found it impossible to arm them. They also complain that many lives, which might have been advantageously employed against the enemy, have been sacrificed in obscure attempts to introduce the arms which the Government had purchased at a vast expense. The obstinate injustice of Prussia, contrasted with the prudently liberal professions of Austria, is one of the most irritating circumstances of the present contest.

Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's despatches close the diplomatic controversy, and the approaching winter almost precludes the possibility of immediate hostilities against Russia. The curtain, or it may be the drop-scene, falls on daring and triumphant wrong. There is every reason to fear that the Russians are strong enough to enforce the doctrines which they have the audacity to avow. The repudiation of the moral and political rights of Poland, and of the diplomatic claims of Europe, is uncompromising and complete. The Russian Government relies on its own military power and on the assistance of Prussia for the subjection of the insurgents, while it hopes for security against foreign intervention from the indisposition of England to war, from the professed repugnance of France to separate action, and from the former complicity of Austria in the partition of Poland. The calculation may perhaps prove to be correct, but it is dangerous to shock the conscience and defy the indignation of mankind. Three powerful Governments have at this moment a just cause of quarrel with Russia, and a war in behalf of Poland would be popular in France, and, after a time, perhaps also in England. Lord RUSSELL and Count RECHBERG may perhaps have been mistaken in the belief that any considerable part of the Polish population could have been conciliated by an amnesty followed by just and moderate administration; but the Russian Government, by refusing every compromise, has cemented the union of the Poles, and deprived itself of the only plausible excuse for severity. Unless the insurrection is suppressed, it will henceforth be attended by the tacit approval of European Governments, as well as by the sympathy of nations, and an unexpected success might at any time justify a recognition of belligerent rights which would be the first step to the acknowledgment of Polish independence. A political change in Prussia, by uniting all the Great Powers, would remove the hesitation which at present prevents active interference. If Prussia and Austria were prepared to occupy Poland, while the English and French fleets closed the Russian ports, no actual hostilities would be necessary to ensure the submission of Russia. It is unnecessary to enumerate other contingencies in which the

cause of Poland would be supported by foreign Powers with decisive effect. It might be expedient for Russia to incur a certain risk in the hope that the question might be forcibly settled before the remonstrances of Europe had time to condense into action; but even the policy of the Russian Government will fail to exterminate the Poles, and their perennial discontent will survive the persecution of ALEXANDER II. as it survived the tyranny of NICHOLAS.

A middle course, which has already been proposed and temporarily rejected, may perhaps be substituted for an immediate declaration of war. The title of Russia to Poland, which was originally founded on the lawless exercise of force, acquired a certain technical legality under the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna. As the three Powers have recorded their opinion that the conditions of the Treaty have been violated by Russia, they might consistently proceed to declare that the compact was terminated, and that the rights of the Emperor ALEXANDER to Poland were henceforth to be defined by simple possession. It was inexpedient to denounce the arrangement of Vienna as terminated by the default of Russia, while Prince GORTSCHAKOFF still vaguely acknowledged the right of the European Governments to insist on the fulfilment of the obligations of Vienna. It was safer to rely on a treaty than on general considerations of humanity and justice; but as the Russian Government has accepted the sole responsibility of its acts, M. DROUYN DE LHUYS is justified in observing that foreign Powers are also relegated to the full exercise of their discretion. It would be premature to withdraw diplomatic recognition of the Russian dynasty in Poland, as long as the military occupation of the country is practically undisputed. According to the modern rule of English policy, possession is the test of legitimate sovereignty, and it is immaterial to inquire whether a throne has been founded on usurpation. If, however, the insurgents were able even temporarily to expel the enemy from any considerable part of their country, the Russians would afterwards become, in contemplation of public law, mere invaders and wrongdoers. The present insurrection has been regarded as morally just, but it is difficult to dispute the right of any Government to suppress revolt in its own dominions. Yet if Russia were legally, as well as historically, merely a conquering intruder, the chances of foreign intervention for the vindication of national independence would be largely increased. It would be idle to form or to express a confident judgment on the results of a conflict between a love of peace and a sense of justice. The Governments concerned are themselves ignorant of the course which it may become necessary to adopt, and political observers necessarily share their uncertainty. On the whole, it is probable that the drama has not finally terminated with its present abortive conclusion; and the insertion of the statement of the National Government in the *Moniteur* shows that France, at least, feels keenly the sting of the contempt with which her remonstrances have been received, and that the EMPEROR is determined to keep the path to war as open as that to peace.

#### PRUSSIA.

THE Cabinet of Berlin has put forward its scheme of Federal Reform in answer to the Austrian proposal; and, if it is equally remote from anything which the most sanguine imagination can conceive as practically working, it conveys with tolerable distinctness what Prussia wants. Austria tried to steal a march upon Prussia, not only by appropriating the prestige of being the first to call attention to the necessity of Federal Reform, but still more by using this prestige as a means of effecting special objects of her own. In the Austrian scheme, Austria was to be the head of the League. She was to lead it and preside over it; she and Bavaria were to dictate to Prussia at their pleasure; the whole force of the Federation was to be employed, at her bidding, to defend her in Venice or in Hungary. Prussia refuses to allow anything of the sort. She will join in no project of reform which does not offer her an absolute equality with Austria. She will endure no Austrian presidency; she even claims a veto on every act of the Federation which would bring it into contact with foreign Powers. Obviously this is wholly impossible. A Federal Government with two equal heads, and in which either one of two members of the Federation might at any moment reverse the decision and put an end to the proceedings of the whole body, is an absurdity. There is not even that faint appearance of possibility about it which veiled the incurable defects of the Austrian scheme. But Prussia could not express more clearly than by making this extravagant proposal that she will not admit that Austria is her superior in Germany, and that she will rather run all the

risks of dividing Germany, and of preventing a real national union, than permit Austrian influence, and Austrian ideas, and Austrian statesmen to be paramount in the Federation. The vast majority of Prussians, and a considerable portion of the inhabitants of other parts of Northern Germany, share this feeling. They consider the fundamental idea of all German reform to be, that in a new Federation the intellect, and wealth, and military strength, and Protestantism of Northern Germany should have a clear preponderance. This cannot be officially claimed by the Cabinet of Berlin; but it is a sufficient approach to it to require that Prussia shall have an absolute veto on all that Austria, even if backed up by a majority in the Federation, shall determine. It was not to be expected that Prussia would claim less than she has done, for in recent years she has always asserted her right to a supremacy in Northern Germany, and her determination to be guided, in all European questions, solely by her own views of what is expedient for her. It is quite clear that this is incompatible with any scheme of a united Germany in which Austria shall play a part suited to her dignity. Prussian statesmen are aware of this; and what they are really aiming at is not a united Germany, but a new Federation, from which Austria shall be excluded, and in which Prussia shall be supreme. The Emperor of AUSTRIA knew perfectly well what his rivals wanted, and to nip the policy of Prussia in the bud was one of the chief motives which led him to gather together the assembly of Sovereigns at Frankfort. Whatever may be the value and the result of the proposal he submitted, there can be no doubt that he succeeded in reminding Germany and Europe that Austria is a great German Power, having a vast social influence in Germany and a considerable material one, and that its exclusion from the Federation is a task far too big for such men as now hold Prussia in their grasp.

Prussia, in dealing with Germany, is accustomed to hold herself out as a liberal Power, fond of popular liberties, delighting in wide electoral laws, and constitutions, and representative assemblies. The Germans who want a united Germany long not only for national greatness and security, but also for political life on a large scale. Prussia has always offered to satisfy these aspirations; and M. VON BISMARCK does not permit the remembrance of his troubles at home to stand in the way of his adherence to the standing policy of Prussia in Germany. He will have nothing to do with a meeting of Crowned Heads—men obliged to stand within the narrow limits of a rigid etiquette, and afraid to enter upon any questions that might be dangerous to their order. The proper persons to discuss a plan of reform are those eminent subjects of these Sovereigns who have the position of Ministers, and they must not be allowed to think too much of their masters, but must have their attention turned to the people, and not to kings and princes. Whatever they decide on must be submitted for approval either to a National Assembly, elected for the purpose, or to the Diets of the separate States. It is only when practised statesmen meet together to devise a scheme which will commend itself to the representatives of the people that a real reform will be carried, and that the longing of the Berlin Cabinet for political liberty will be satisfied. As the meeting of Ministers could never take place until the preliminary proposal of the absolute veto of Prussia in the scheme of Federation had been virtually accepted, M. VON BISMARCK is quite safe in expressing a fictitious love of popular assemblies, and a deference for the opinions of the elected of the people which he certainly does not show at home. The paragraphs of his reply to the Austrian proposal which treat of popular liberties must be read in the same light as those which deal with the claims of Prussia to a freedom from all control in the Federation of the future. They do not suggest anything which their author either hopes or wishes to see really brought about. They merely indicate a general policy. The Prussians consider that Federal Reform arranged to suit the national wishes for free government is their thunder, and they are not going to let the Austrians steal it. That is all. M. VON BISMARCK claims the title of a German Liberal, very much as the Kings of SARDINIA claimed the title of Kings of Jerusalem. It is a sort of honour, based on a vague historical tradition, and too far apart from the facts of real life to deceive any one, but still one which it would be slightly humiliating to part with in the face of Europe. Prussians who every day see their press stifled, their liberties denied, and their representatives insulted by M. VON BISMARCK, will remain as sure that he has no real intention of creating a new popular Assembly as the Turks could be that VICTOR EMMANUEL and his recent ancestors have had neither the means nor the inclination to go anywhere near either Cyprus or Jerusalem.

It appears certain that the dissolution of the Prussian



Chamber was not a deep device of the Ministry, but was the act of the KING himself in one of those sudden freaks of insubordination which even the weakest Sovereigns sometimes exhibit towards Ministers who think they have got the Royal mind completely in their power. The picture of the relations of the KING to his Ministers which has lately been drawn by the German correspondents of English papers is, if true, one of the most curious that modern Europe could present. The KING is treated like a baby, shut up away from the world, allowed to see no one except the devoted adherents of the Cabinet and their clique, and provided with an account of current events arranged expressly for his benefit without reference to anything that really happens. He has been brought to believe that he is designed by Heaven to rule his people after his pleasure, and that whatever—in his melancholy isolation, and with his imaginary history of what is going on—he is made to fancy right, becomes by a Divine law the only good and proper thing for his subjects to adopt. But every now and then his feeble intellect revolts from this pitiable delusion, and a gleam of common sense, or the whisperings of his own nearest relatives, or the pangs of a vanity mortified by such open exhibitions of his people's dislike as have been shown him lately, move him to follow a new train of thought, and for the moment he behaves as if he were a reasonable and responsible creature. But it would be very unsafe to rely on this change of mood, and so long as he is daily under the influence of the clique that dictates to him, he is not likely to thwart them further than by an occasional and momentary disobedience to them. The new Chamber is certain to be even more hostile to the Ministry than the last. It will come to the struggle with the consciousness that the nation expects more from it, and with the memory of all the wrongs which M. VON BISMARCK has done since the last Session was closed. It is scarcely possible that the attitude assumed by Austria towards Prussia should lead to any reconciliation between the KING and his subjects; for although he and they are probably quite agreed, and are equally determined to oppose every scheme for the supremacy of Austria, this harmony of opinion cannot affect their general relations. There is nothing to be done, no practical measure to be taken with regard to Federal reform, which the KING and his people could carry through together. When once it is admitted, as it will be immediately admitted, that the Ministry has done only what might be expected from any Prussian Ministry in not conceding the claims of Austria, there will be an end of the matter, and the attention of the Chamber will be turned to domestic subjects, on which a quarrel between it and the present Ministry is inevitable. Then will come the crisis. The KING will either bow his neck once for all to the yoke, let the Ministry have their way, and become the puppet head of an avowed absolutism, or he will yield to the pressure which his better and truer friends will be sure to exercise at that supreme moment of the fortunes of his dynasty, and let new men and a new order of things prevail. Enthusiastic believers in the constant progress of civilized man may be startled to think that the history of a powerful and intelligent people may soon be determined for years by the course which a timid, obstinate, blundering old soldier, cut off from the outer world, and furnished with a special literature of imaginary facts, may happen to take in the final hour of his vacillation and bewilderment.

#### AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

WHEN the dull season of the year comes round, all sorts of odd persons and things have their share of public attention, and even agricultural labourers are pitied and discussed. At other times they live on with no one much to care for them—the farmer looking on them as his natural enemies, the parson's kindly soul getting weary of his long combat with their helpless stolid ignorance, and the squire not knowing what he can do for them further than build two or three Elizabethan cottages covered with honeysuckle close to his gates. Foreigners who go over England to make a book out of their travels find an obvious theme for declamation in the broad contrast between the lots of the English rich and the English poor; and when their remarks come back here through translations, we cannot help being moved to a languid shame and sadness by thinking how true the picture is, and what wretched, uncared for, untaught brutes the people are who raise the crops on which we live. But the fact is so familiar that we soon cease to think of it, and it is only by a sort of accident that the condition of the poor becomes a prominent subject of talk when there is little else to talk

about. Then the old sores are once more unveiled, and all the horrors of agricultural poverty are brought before the eyes of the public. There is a wailing over the dirt and vice and misery that must prevail in houses where seven or eight persons, of both sexes and all ages, are penned up together for the night in the one rickety, foul, vermin-haunted bed-room. The picture of agricultural life unrolls itself before us as it is painted by those who know it best. We see the dull clouded mind, the bovine gaze, the brutality and recklessness, the simple audacity of vice, the confused hatred of his betters, which mark the English peasant, unless some happy fortune has saved him from the general lot, and persuaded him that life has something besides beer that the poor man may have and may relish. Benevolence longs to do something for the labourer, but it can do so little. His position has been assigned him, and benevolence not only cannot alter this position, but does not feel justified in trying to alter it; for the theory which fixes the destiny of the poor is one that has been handed down for centuries, and there is a want of power even to fancy that it is wrong. The old feudalism of England—the state of things when there yet were serfs, and when the lords of the soil were almost a different order of beings—still colours the relations of the rich and the poor. It is looked on as the duty and place of the poor man to stay for ever in his native village, to work hard for ten or twelve shillings a week, to bring up a large family respectably on the money, to touch his hat to the gentry, to go to church regularly and make out as much as he can of the service, to be content and happy, to hate the public-house and feel no longing for company or a bright fire or gossip, and to be guided towards heaven by the curate and the young ladies. This is the poor man which modern feudalism aims at producing, and which farmers, and landowners, and all clergymen except the few whose eyes are opened by high religious feeling to other views, all honestly believe is the proper model of the agricultural labourer. This is what they aim at producing. What they actually produce may be seen by any one who stands opposite a village beer-shop on a Saturday evening.

If all the wise and good men on earth were to meet together to raise the condition of the English labourer, and if they had power to carry out any schemes they fixed on, they could not make any perceptible difference in him and his lot until many years had passed by. All improvements in the lowest class of a nation must be very slow; nor are we sanguine enough to think that even if this old feudal notion of the poor were abandoned, as it will probably be abandoned under the opposing influences of modern thought, the labourer would be much better, or much better off, in this generation. The class immediately above the poor has risen rapidly in the last twenty years. It has gained that amount of self-respect or self-confidence which attends the consciousness that it stands on a merely commercial footing with its superiors, that it gives its services in return for money, and that it gives nothing more than goes with its bargain. In spite of all the disagreeable symptoms that mark the stage of transition—the vulgar affectation, the servant-gallism, the cool selfishness, the jaunty recklessness, that are developed under it—yet the class rises as a whole, and could scarcely rise in any other way. But the relation of the poor to their employers is not simply that of one bargainer with another. The employer conceives that the labourer is his dependent, and ought to be so. The labourer is born to a certain lot, and should be content and happy in it; and the person who gives him his weekly wages, and pays poor-rates for him if he is ill, feels a kind of property in him, and has a sense of being wronged if a convenient number of poor are not always at hand to do his work. But if the poor man is at every turn made to feel that he is dependent, and destined by nature to be a sort of animal useful to the happy men who are grand enough to borrow capital and take a lease, he cannot have the virtues of independence. And yet it seems hard that he should not have some chance in the world, and feel some hope that the day will come when he may respect himself as a person entitled to make a free bargain of his services. It will only be by a great social change, brought on slowly and gradually, that he will attain this little step in his upward path, and much time and many influences must combine to alter English rural society so far as to admit of it. But, at any rate, law need not stand in the way of the change; and if repealing Acts of Parliament can help the poor man, the House of Commons may be induced to come to his aid.

That English law does still press on the agricultural labourer, and condemn him artificially to that place in which

traditional feudalism believes he ought to remain, is tolerably obvious. The law of settlement is very greatly against the poor man. He cannot move from place to place as he wishes, for the parishes where he might desire to go will not permit him to dwell in them, lest he should become a charge on them. The land is in the hands of those whom he asks to employ him, and his employer does not wish him to live in the village. He is driven out to burrow in some wretched hovel on the edge of a town or big village, and every morning and evening he exhausts his strength by toiling over a useless distance of hard road. Good landlords—men who think for the poor, and will make sacrifices for them—rise above the temptation to economise at the cost of the labourer, and are not terrified, by the possibility of future paupers, into condemning the poor to live in crowded dens or at vast distances from their work. But, in the first place, it is always dangerous to trust that the benevolence of individuals will counteract the obvious tendency of general legislation; and, in the next place, in most parts of England the immediate superiors of the poor are not the landowners but the farmers, and farmers are not the sort of men to let any romantic feelings of benevolence tempt them to increase the poor rates. Even if the burden of providing for the local poor in helpless distress were thrown on a wider area than the parish, the farmers would not be very ready to encourage migrations of labourers. They object so strongly to the poor going to the colonies, that they are not likely to favour their shifting from parish to parish. The main defence of the present law of settlement is, that it subjects the relief of the poor to a strict supervision, and makes it the direct interest of the ratepayers that aid shall not be given recklessly. But it must be remembered that the New Poor-law has now been many years in operation, that guardians have been trained not to administer relief blindly, and that a special set of officials has been created who have learnt every art by which paupers are kept tame and expectant. If the law of settlement were altered to-morrow, we doubt whether the total amount paid in the year for Poor-rates throughout England would present any noticeable variation, and the poor would gain much more by the extinction of some of the motives which prompt employers to let them be housed badly or at a distance, than the rich would lose in money. Certainly the law of settlement ought not to be lightly touched, and any change should be made with great care. But if the HOME SECRETARY is not capable of dealing with questions of some difficulty, what is the good of him? Echo does, indeed, answer, What is the good of Sir GEORGE GREY? It is almost useless to talk of any legal improvement while this timidest of Whigs blights all domestic legislation with his amiable imbecility. Otherwise, there are changes in the Statute-book which might be made more easily than an alteration in the law of settlement, and which would tend to prevent legislation depressing the poor. There is, for example, the old statute under which labourers who abandon their work are treated as having committed a criminal offence. Only a few days ago, if the case is correctly reported, a labourer was actually sentenced, in Hampshire, to imprisonment with hard labour for six weeks, because, having bargained to perform a certain service, he had broken his engagement and gone off. This is exactly the way in which, in India, the indigo planters have wanted to treat the ryots. But there, Judges and Secretaries of State have explained and enforced the rule that a civil bargain does but give a civil remedy, and that to treat breaches of contract as criminal degrades the poor and places him at the mercy of his employer. It is odd that English statesmen should be so much more tender of the Hindoo ryot than of the English labourer. If charity begins at home, justice ought not to begin in Asia. This statute is certainly not very often enforced, and probably not many people know that it exists; but it is disgraceful that it should be in existence for farmers to enforce if they please. It belongs to the times when the poor were little better than serfs, and the sooner it is banished from the volume of modern law the better.

#### ENGLAND AND MEXICO.

THERE is not the smallest reason for English interference in the affairs of Mexico. A passive and not unfriendly acquiescence in the enterprise of the Emperor of the FRENCH has been prescribed by circumstances, or rather by the absence of any interest or duty which could have warranted a more decisive course. When the knight in the ballad picked up his lady's glove from between the paws of the lion, the spectators were not called upon either to reprove or to imitate

the feat. If success in a gratuitous adventure constitutes glory, the French exploit in Mexico may be considered glorious. The refusal of England to participate in a war for the imaginary aggrandizement of the Latin race deserves only the modest credit of conformity to the plainest rules of common sense. It may possibly suit a Government which has superfluous soldiers and elastic Budgets to spend men and money in establishing distant dependencies, or in reforming the institutions of semi-barbarous States; but taxpayers and recruiting officers have enough to do in England in meeting indispensable demands. It was perhaps unfortunate that the French invasion of Mexico commenced with a joint expedition, from which the English Government afterwards found it necessary to withdraw. The Americans affect to hold all the original parties to the enterprise responsible for its results, while Frenchmen more plausibly complain that their ally deserted them at the outset of the campaign. The organs of the English holders of Mexican bonds are not indisposed to echo the taunts of the French, and they constantly urge on the Government the expediency of supporting the proposed Empire, in the hope that it may be more solvent and more honest than the native Republic. The people of England have, however, no sufficient motive for involving themselves in Mexican troubles, and the bondholders must take their chance with the still more unfortunate creditors of Spain, of Greece, and of Florida. The armed intervention which was provoked by the misconduct of Mexico was terminated by the Convention of Coledad, and France dissolved the alliance by refusing to negotiate with the existing Government. The tripartite treaty had provided for the contingency of a revolution in Mexico only as an alternative of satisfactory concessions. One of the co-plaintiffs desired the specific performance of a contract; the other was bent on recovering damages for the breach. The words of the treaty may perhaps have been ambiguous, but the French Government has never seriously complained of error or misunderstanding. Separate action suited the policy of the Emperor NAPOLEON so well that he regretted the participation of Spain in his enterprise, nor would he have been willingly hampered by the scrupulous co-operation of England. None of the reasons which he has at different times assigned for his singular undertaking could be supposed even remotely to affect English sympathies or interests. Catholicism, Latinity, and the provision of raw material for the factories of Normandy and Alsace, may possibly justify a French crusade; but an English Minister must find better reasons for asking the House of Commons to grant him a tax or a loan.

American clamour against England is so incessant that a particular accusation attracts as little attention as a single carriage which swells the roar of traffic in the Strand. If the English Government had from the first protested against the French enterprise, or if, on the other hand, an English army had marched with General FOREY to Mexico, the same malignant outcry would have been raised by the wonderful politicians of the United States. Federal writers at present assert that Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues were privy to the design of conquest, and that their participation in the overthrow of the Mexican Republic was only rendered incomplete by their habitual perfidy and cowardice. It is not worth while to deprecate charges which are only prompted by wanton animosity, nor is the unattainable good-will of the Federal Republic to be conciliated by any modification of policy. No European Power is in any manner bound by the MONROE doctrine, and as soon as an Empire is really established in Mexico it will be recognised by England. Even if it were expedient to consult American prejudices, there is some doubt whether the Americans seriously object to the success of the French project. The menaces and vituperation for which the overthrow of JUAREZ serves as a pretext are principally directed against the peaceable bystander, and not against the alleged offender. War with England would scarcely promote the Federal object of expelling the French army from Mexico. If it were likely that the new Empire should grow into a respectable and independent State, it might not be inconvenient that a certain balance of power should be established on the American Continent. When the United States are constantly threatening unprovoked attacks on their neighbours, it is not unnatural to look round for possible allies, or rather to desire additional guarantees for peace. The check which the Great Powers impose on one another has prevented innumerable wars in Europe; and the Federal Americans would perhaps be more peaceable in their language and policy if they were provided with rivals and neighbours. The prospects, however, of Mexican stability and prosperity are not so encouraging as to warrant any reliance on the fortunes of the new



Empire. With the aid of the United States, malcontents may constantly disturb the Government by intrigue and revolt; and the Mexican character will not have been permanently changed by the establishment of an effective military police in the capital.

The bondholders and their friends will fail to engage the country in any responsibility for the new Mexican system, as completely as the Americans will fail to enforce their protests against the mere recognition of the Empire. The appointment of General MIRAMON to the command of the Mexican troops under Marshal FOREY shows how little the French Government is disposed to concur with the wishes of England. The most inexcusable offence of the successive rulers of Mexico was committed by MIRAMON himself when he robbed the English Consulate of money belonging to the creditors, which was covered by an official seal. The main charge against JUAREZ was founded on his unwillingness or inability to afford redress for the outrage perpetrated by his enemy and predecessor. During the brief co-operation of the three Powers, the English Admiral prevented MIRAMON from landing on the coast of Mexico, and the Government which approved his decision can scarcely be gratified by the favour accorded to the culprit. JUAREZ himself was rather weak than guilty, and some impartial witnesses of his conduct have even believed that, although he was a Mexican President, he was personally honest. The party which he led was opposed to clerical rapacity and intolerance, and if it had been strong enough to restore order, it might perhaps have promoted the public prosperity. ALMONTE and MIRAMON are dangerous supporters or servants of the new dynasty, especially as they will be backed by all the ecclesiastical influences which can be brought to bear on French or Austrian policy. The bondholders, who see their last hope in the absolute triumph of France, may submit to the vexation of beholding the impudent robber of their property restored to dignity, and perhaps to power; but England will regard with suspicion any Government which allies itself with public plunderers who might properly be called bandits. If the French, notwithstanding their victory, are forced to employ the basest of Mexican factions, the promised regeneration of Mexico would seem to be indefinitely distant. The zealous advocates of the new Empire boast that it is now for the first time possible to walk in the streets of the city of Mexico without a bludgeon or a revolver. It is easy to understand that French patrols are so far missionaries of civilization as to throw material impediments in the way of open robbery and murder; but the reform is imperfect if it extends only to common highwaymen, while MIRAMON is admitted to the councils of the Government. It would be intelligible if COMONFORT and DOBLADO were brought over to the cause of France and the Empire by dignities and military commands. MIRAMON was already an avowed partisan of the invader, and his promotion can only discredit the party which receives his support.

The acceptance of the Mexican Crown by the Archduke MAXIMILIAN is still not authoritatively announced. It appears that he has certain rights and duties in his own country as designated Regent in the event of a minority of the Sovereign; and perhaps an ambitious Austrian Prince might see the possibility of reigning in a kingdom nearer and more ancient than Mexico. The Poles would gladly accept the Archduke as their King if he appeared at the head of the Galician army to assert and defend their independence; and although the position of a new dynasty in Poland would be precarious, the enmity of Russia would be scarcely more dangerous than the jealousy of the United States and the caprice of the Mexicans themselves. Political speculators are already beginning to discuss the possible alternatives of an Austrian Emperor in Mexico. The eldest son of the late Prince JEROME has never been supposed to possess the peculiar privilege which belongs to Royal or Imperial blood, and there is no doubt that, in default of extraordinary genius and fame, descent is one of the most indispensable qualities of sovereigns. If it should be necessary to fall back on a Republic under French protection, Mexico will be ostensibly and really governed by an unscrupulous and unpopular faction. An elected President is necessarily a partisan, and in Mexico he has always been an adventurer. The French general of the army of occupation will, during his stay, exercise the real powers of government, but it will be scarcely possible to maintain a permanent garrison in Mexico as well as in Rome. The acceptance of the ARCHDUKE will offer the best chance of stability and order; and if he is personally willing to sacrifice tranquillity for a crown, no reasonable objection can be raised by strangers to his decision. Whatever may happen, it is the duty of the English Govern-

ment to persevere, in this instance also, in the neutral policy which unfortunately conciliates neither the admiration nor gratitude of the world. In former times, English activity has been so restless that the modern habit of abstaining from interference with alien troubles is often regarded as an abdication of the claims and power of the country.

#### THE AUSTRALIANS ON TRANSPORTATION.

IT is a curious fact that the Anglo-Saxon blood, which in its own home is liable to err rather upon the side of dignity and reserve, when transplanted to a new country generates the most malignant type of brag known to civilized humanity. Five-and-twenty years ago it was the fashion to believe that this was an American peculiarity. But we did the Yankees wrong, as a more mature experience has fully demonstrated. The largest of our colonies consisting mainly of our own race, outside America, are situated on the eastern and south-eastern fringe of the Australian continent, and they have shown themselves fully competent to maintain the reputation of the emigrated Anglo-Saxon for bounce and bluster. It may be supposed that the habits engendered by a settler's life are favourable to this unamiable weakness. Colonists would never get on if they hampered themselves with the prudence of the Old World and recoiled from difficulties which would be thought insuperable at home. Their advance in the enterprise of conquering a wild country depends on their readiness to put up with mortifications and defeats. They have become used always to try it on, and to take their risk of failure; and the philosophy which they have learned in their struggle with nature they instinctively put in practice in their conflicts with the less stubborn resistance of Imperial statesmen.

Whatever the cause, it is certain that modesty is not the salient fault of our Australian fellow-subjects. The controversy which has been recently going on upon the subject of transportation to Western Australia is a curious specimen of the Americanized tone which has long made itself visible in Australian thought and language. The position of the Eastern Australians upon this question was very clear. They had a perfect right to their own opinion upon the merits of the transportation system, and were justified in resisting its application to themselves, if they thought fit. They had a right also, if they had formed an opinion that transportation to Western Australia would indirectly injure them, to collect the facts upon which that opinion was founded, and lay them before the Imperial Government. Such evidence, if it bore out their allegations, could not fail to have great weight with English statesmen. It would be necessary, before arriving at a decision, to balance the rival claims of England and of Western Australia; but the conclusion would be formed in a spirit of earnest goodwill to fellow-subjects whose moral and material welfare it is both our wish and our interest to promote. But whatever concession upon this subject was asked for by Eastern Australians could only be asked for as a favour. They had no rights in the matter. They can have no rights as a dependency which they would not possess if they were an independent nation; and England would never submit to be dictated to by another Government as to the mode in which she should dispose of any part of the territory over which her flag floats. The mere fact that Western Australia is no part of New South Wales puts either of those two colonies out of court, as far as bare right goes, in protesting against any arrangement which the Mother-country might make with the other. Nor is the case of the Eastern colonies, even for a concession of favour in this matter, *prima facie* very strong. If Western Australia bordered on New South Wales, the claim of the latter colony to consideration would be evident at first sight. But Western Australia is distant by an interval which, to a European mind, would represent many independent kingdoms, and there is no communication except by sea. New York might almost as reasonably complain of the dépôts at Portland and Spike Island as being dangerously near. The trade is not very active, and the probability seems small that any considerable number of expirées are in the habit of leaving a colony where certain advantages are secured to them, to thrust themselves into communities where they are so much detested. The presumption is the other way, and it would have to be rebutted by statistics. But, at best, supposing that the inhabitants of New South Wales could dispose of the rights which the Western Australians have to be chiefly considered in the matter, they could only make out a case for a favour, to be

naked for in tones of courtesy and granted from a feeling of good-will.

This is not, however, the view the colonists take of their own position. That madness for a vast expanse of territory which bids fair to reduce the United States to a level of anarchy lower than that from which Mexico is just emerging, has turned their heads also. Because they are settled upon the fringe of a vast continent, they already count it as their own, and dream of an Australian Empire. And to give something of a practical expression to their dream, in humble imitation of their great models upon the Potomac, they have set up a MONROE doctrine as far exceeding in extravagance the doctrines of President MONROE as he outstripped the usage of older nations. It is only to the prevalence of some such idea that this bold attempt to register a claim to a vested interest in the whole Australian continent can be attributed, for it is only because the settlement on the banks of the Swan River is included under the name of Australia that they can take such a deep concern in its destinies. It is not a question of proximity. Singapore is as near to Sydney as Perth; but the Australians have never objected to the depot for convicts kept by the Indian Government at Singapore. This bright dream of the future may help to explain the tone they have adopted in this controversy. A certain Mr. EDWARD WILSON appears as their representative before the public on this occasion. He asks no favour; or at least his tone of supplication is that which would befit a very valiant beggar, armed with a very formidable stick. He not only rates us soundly for the meanness of our conduct in seeking to continue the system to which these Eastern colonies of Australia owe their very existence, but he threatens us with the sovereign displeasure of those same colonies unless we abandon our evil ways. Any amount of scolding is of course perfectly legitimate; but menaces become undignified unless there is some slight substratum of actual power to support them. Mr. WILSON's threats lose themselves so much in words that it is not very easy to discover what their actual import is. Of course, they begin with the threat of separation, which of late years has been the first idea that has usually suggested itself to any English colony that could not get all that it wanted out of the Colonial Office or the Exchequer. It is a pity the colonists cannot persuade themselves that this menace has been used too often, and that we are callous to it now. In the present instance, it can only be compared to the favourite threat of a spoiled child, that he will hit his head very hard upon the ground if his mamma does not give him a cake. The only effect of such a threat being realized would be that the Eastern Colonies would put it entirely out of their power to object to the continuance of transportation to Western Australia. If they were independent communities, their remonstrances would not be listened to for a moment. The next threat is, that colonial debentures and railway bonds will be repudiated. A very serious threat, indeed, if Mr. WILSON is to be taken as representing in any way the financial or other morality of the Australian Governments—serious to those who have already trusted them, still more serious to their own future credit on the markets of Europe. But the prospect of Australian repudiation, even if we could believe Mr. WILSON to be justified in representing it as a possible contingency, is not one that will materially affect the feelings of the bulk of the English people. The last menace which he has added in his most recent letter is the most comical of all. He threatens that if we send villains to Western Australia, Eastern Australia will send villains to England. It does not seem to occur to him that we might possibly resist this quaint mode of retaliation; and that until the greatness of the future Australian Empire really dawns, New South Wales will scarcely be strong enough to land them at Liverpool in spite of us. The sanctimonious unction with which he lectures the Western Australians upon the wickedness of desiring to have convicts to make their roads, considering the seed from which the whole of Australian colonization has sprung, and the conditions under which it long flourished, can only be described as a masterpiece of impudence. It may be said that it is unjust to identify the Australians with the extravagances of their volunteer advocate. It would be so if their own formal language did not fully correspond with his. When, in their petition, solemnly addressed to the QUEEN, they could venture to threaten her that if Great Britain and Western Australia carried out an arrangement perfectly agreeable to both of them, the Governments of the Eastern colonies would be compelled to assume a "defiant" attitude towards her Government, it is evident that they are as eager to discount the future might of the Australian Empire as Mr. WILSON himself.

Such language on the part of the colonists is to be regretted. It only plays into the hands of those who desire that a severance should take place. English politicians cannot but feel that if such demands, so phrased, are to be submitted to, it is Great Britain that is the dependency of Australia, and not Australia of Great Britain. It is possible so to aggravate the practical annoyances attendant upon the colonial connexion as to neutralize the feelings and aspirations in obedience to which alone it is maintained.

#### AMERICA.

THE misfortunes of the Confederates continue without interruption. The capture of Morris Island goes far to close the port of Charleston, and the conquest of the city itself will probably follow. It is strange that, when success seems to be nearly ensured by the possession of an irresistible artillery, General GILMORE or Mr. LINCOLN should wantonly incur the censure of the civilized world by exposing non-combatants, before sufficient time had been allowed for their withdrawal, to the horrors which the new Greek fire was meant to carry with it. The PRESIDENT himself, in his letter to the Convention of Illinois, while he strains the rights of war to the utmost, excepts from the legitimate operations of belligerents the massacre of non-combatants. It is true that fire has been often employed for purposes of revenge, as well as in more legitimate operations; but NAPOLEON is not commended by historians for blowing up the Kremlin, and for burning the remnant of Moscow which had been spared by the patriotic or accidental conflagration. Moral censure, however, directed against a powerful and angry belligerent, is as ineffectual as Mr. LINCOLN's bull against the comet. By fair or foul means, the Federals may reasonably expect to accomplish their purpose, and Charleston may perhaps be permanently lost to the Confederacy. A portion at least of the army, the iron-clad fleet, and the blockading squadron would then be disposable for other purposes, and the remaining seaports may, one after another, be exposed to a similar disaster. Meanwhile, the Confederate army has retired from the defences of Chattanooga, and it is rumoured that the strong position of Cumberland Gap, commanding the road from Virginia to Tennessee, has, with its garrison, been taken by BURNSIDE. In Arkansas, as elsewhere, the Federal army is superior in numbers, and an expedition has perhaps already sailed from New Orleans to attempt the conquest of Texas. General LEE alone continues to assert equality with the hostile army, and even to alarm the enemy with rumours or suspicions of a new advance beyond the Potomac. The Confederate Government probably understands the political importance of maintaining one regular army in the neighbourhood of the Northern frontier and capital; for if Richmond were to share the apparently impending fate of Charleston, European opinion might perhaps undergo a change unfavourable to the Confederate cause. Hitherto it has been as favourable as circumstances would permit; and it is only because he wanted what a neutral country could not possibly give him that Mr. MASON has now to retire from his fruitless mission. It is possible that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's prophecy may be accomplished by a perennial resistance in the interior, after all the Southern cities have been compulsorily abandoned to the invader; but the maintenance of a separate nationality in the head of the Gulf States would differ widely from the dominion which the Southern Government lately exercised over a third part of the former Union. The Federal supremacy would then appear to foreign Powers as complete as the sovereignty of the Saracen conquerors when PELAYO took refuge in the mountains of Asturias. Under present circumstances, it appears highly improbable that, except for the purpose of some temporary diversion, General LEE should for the third time venture on an invasion of the enemy's territory. The PRESIDENT is hasty in anticipating that, in his own elegant language, MEADE's army can "drive LEE's out of existence;" but, if the Western forces which have accomplished their immediate task were transferred to the Virginian peninsula, it would be difficult for LEE, in the absence of large reinforcements, to provide for the defence of Richmond.

Although much remains to be done before the fate of the war is determined, it is not surprising that the sanguine population of the North should anticipate a complete and early triumph. With characteristic levity, their leaders and instructors welcome every excess of warlike violence, while they at the same time announce the prevalence or revival of loyalty to the Union in all the Southern States. When Charleston is occupied, newspaper correspondents



will inform the credulous inhabitants of New York that fire, famine, and slaughter have produced, even in South Carolina, a feeling of attachment to the invading incendiaries. The device of making an oath of allegiance the condition of the enjoyment of ordinary civil rights is one of the most ingenious contrivances for perpetuating animosity which conquerors have ever imposed on their subjects. The Russians themselves have never thought of forcing the Poles to swear that they were devoted to a foreign Government, before ordinary transactions of barter and sale were allowed to proceed. Spanish inquisitors in the Netherlands, and Jacobin Commissaries in the Reign of Terror, have furnished the only precedents to the Federal proconsuls in the South. Republican journalists delight in repeating that the Union and the Constitution will revive of themselves as soon as the armed insurrection is subdued, but they appear never to have considered how the South is to be governed when military occupation has ceased. Government by sham Assemblies, returned by a minority of voters, will become impossible when the renegades are no longer supported by external force. Even Federal credulity will scarcely rely on the devotion of those who have recently suffered all the horrors of war. Mr. LINCOLN asserts that the property both of friends and enemies may be lawfully taken when needed, and he adds that "armies, the world over, destroy enemy's property when they cannot use it." The advocates of a relaxation of the maritime code, including former Governments of the United States, have repeatedly argued that private property ought to be exempt from capture at sea, because it was confessedly secure from interference on land. Seizure and destruction have now become, in America, a part of the law of the strongest, but the first victims of the innovation will scarcely accept it with gratitude.

The problems which require a solution from American politicians would overtax the sagacity of the most consummate statesmen, and the extemporaneous solutions which are provided by the speakers and writers of the dominant party provoke unfeigned astonishment by their heartless frivolity. The South is sometimes to be reunited in affection, without any preliminary attempt at conciliation; or, if the rabble to be flattered is in a more ferocious humour, the white population is to be exterminated, while the negroes are not even remembered or theoretically disposed of. The Border war between Missouri and Kansas, the atrocities of the QUANTRELLS and JIM LANES, excite neither anxiety nor notice. Every Republican disclaimer repeats the conventional assertion that the Union must be restored by force, and that the opponents of the Administration are the enemies of the country. The old hatred to England appears to be the only constitutional tradition which has survived the disruption. The Abolitionist Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, addressing an audience of strong-minded women and weak-minded preachers, dwells on the misconduct of England in the matter of the *Alabama* more earnestly than on the prospects of the negroes who are to be emancipated. Even the artificial indignation which is cultivated against the French project of a Mexican Empire is for the most part directed, not against the sole author of the scheme, but against the perfidious English, who pretended to want the payment of their debts while they were secretly promoting the interests of the Archduke MAXIMILIAN. The Democrats themselves, who are under no party obligation to talk mischievous nonsense, think that their interests will be promoted by public speculations on the annexation of Canada, although every American would regard an English proposal of secession from the Union as a justifiable cause of war. The faithful minority in England which devotes itself to the uncompromising advocacy of the Federal cause is seriously embarrassed by the truculent hostility of its clients to its country.

Little accurate information has been received as to the operation of the PRESIDENT'S Emancipation scheme. The Federal troops have, since the issue of the Proclamation, occupied or traversed considerable portions of the Confederate territory, and probably large numbers of slaves have taken the opportunity of escaping from their masters. Mr. LINCOLN himself fails to understand the objections which were raised in Europe to his unjustifiable measure. Even if private property were, according to his theory, at the mercy of an enemy, the rights of war can only apply to a territory in which the belligerent is acting, or which he has already conquered. It would not have been lawful for NAPOLEON to decree at Boulogne a subdivision of the property of England; and the Austrians, at the beginning of the revolutionary war, exceeded their legal right when, before they had even crossed the frontier, they prohibited the French Government from the exercise of certain domestic acts of sovereignty. If Mr. LINCOLN'S Proclamation had operated according to its

tenor, the property of the South would have been confiscated while the Governments of the Confederacy and of the several States still held undisputed sovereignty over their own dominions. The sentence proclaimed by the enemy could only have been enforced by a servile insurrection, and, whatever may have been the personal intentions of the PRESIDENT, the more bloodthirsty Abolitionists undoubtedly hoped that the invitation of the Federal Government would be answered by massacre and anarchy. If the South forgives, its inhabitants must be of a gentler nature than any population known to history. The actual ravages of the hostile soldiery are sufficiently vexatious, without a refusal of the rights which civilized practice and legislation have accorded to belligerents. As long as the Northern successes are uninterrupted, the Republicans, who are chiefly answerable for the excesses which have been committed and threatened, will probably maintain their preponderance. The result of the draft is still unknown, and it is possible that the Government may find it difficult to keep up the numbers of the army. A failure to prosecute the recent advantages might restore power and courage to the Democrats, who seem to entertain an intermittent desire for peace.

#### THE INSURANCE CONTROVERSY.

NO one can wonder that the famous WOLLEY insurance case should have provoked some rather strong criticism on the conduct of the leading offices. In coming to the determination to resist payment on the ground of fraud and arson, we have no doubt that the managers of the companies in which Campden House was insured acted upon a genuine suspicion that the fire was wilfully caused. Unfortunately for them, all their efforts failed to produce a fragment of evidence to justify a defence which was equivalent in effect to putting a man on trial for one of the gravest of criminal offences, without any reasonable cause. It is not, however, this—the really important aspect of the matter—which has attracted most attention. Most persons who insure feel that the precedent of Mr. WOLLEY'S case is not likely to be followed against them; and though the fact of this gentleman having, some twenty or thirty years ago, occupied an unusual position at an hotel was rather an insufficient reason for charging him with crime, there is no doubt that the singularity of his life had more to do with the suspicions of the offices than they would perhaps be willing to allow. After the result of this famous trial, it is less likely than ever that ordinary insurers will be exposed to gratuitous accusations of setting fire to their houses; but it so happened that there was one little incident in the history of the affair which touches insurers much more nearly. When Campden House was totally destroyed, and a claim of 30,000*l.* was made upon the policies, the companies had the audacity to ask Mr. WOLLEY how he made up this imposing total of damage. The investigation proved to the satisfaction of a jury that the house was not over-insured; but this conclusion was not arrived at until a great deal of trouble and some expense had been incurred in making out a priced inventory of the stores of furniture, fittings, and pictures with which this old curiosity-shop was crammed. It has occurred to sundry correspondents of the *Times* that what was done in Mr. WOLLEY'S case might be done in theirs also, and that, when they call upon an insurance office to replace the damage which a fire may have caused, they may be asked in return to point out what damage they have suffered, and to furnish sufficient details to show how the amount of their claim is arrived at. The most affecting pictures have been drawn of the painful embarrassments of a burnt-out proprietor when he attempts to recall from memory the particulars of his household goods, and to estimate the cost at which they may be replaced. The difficulty of making a perfectly accurate claim is no doubt considerable; but as the claimant, however weak his memory, must know more about the matter than any one else, the difficulty is much more likely to press hardly on the assurers than on the assured. Still, the trouble of framing such an estimate as was required from Mr. WOLLEY is a very good grievance for discussion at this time of the year, and it cannot be denied that the plan which the *Times* has advocated in a slashing leader would effectually relieve the sufferers. The proposal is that, if a man insures his property against damage not exceeding (say) 1,000*l.*, the office shall in all cases pay either the whole 1,000*l.* or, at any rate, the full amount of the claim that may be sent in, whether the damage sustained may be much or little. It is easy to see how admirably convenient this arrangement would be. If a total loss occurs, the unfortunate victim of gas or varnish, as the case may be,

will not have his distress of mind aggravated by the necessity of pondering over his lost treasures, and fixing a money price on articles to which he may perhaps have attached a sentimental value. He will have nothing more to do than to write to the office a letter (for which printed common forms might conveniently be kept) stating that he had insured against all damage not exceeding 1,000*l.*, and that he would be much obliged by a cheque for that amount. The office would reply that they had much pleasure in forwarding the sum asked for, without aggravating the troubles of their unhappy customer by asking whether the damage done did or did not reach the extreme limit of the policy. The assured would thereupon buy a new lot of furniture with the money, and if he should find his house decidedly handsomer than before, so much the better for him. Nothing could be more comfortable than this; and, indeed, such an arrangement would take the sting out of the most terrible of calamities, and make it a real pleasure to be burnt out.

But total losses are the exception—so much so, indeed, that few persons insure for more than two-thirds of the value of their property. Partial losses could not be quite so easily settled; but, even in such cases, the new scheme would add greatly to the comfort of the sufferer. If a careless servant sets fire to a window-blind and stains the best drawing-room carpet in her successful efforts to extinguish the flame, it would be difficult to assess the damage by any mere reference to the total amount of the insurance. In such trifling cases, therefore, even the indignant correspondents of the *Times* would probably submit to the disagreeable necessity of specifying one window-blind and one Brussels carpet as the property damaged, and then the claim could be easily fixed by putting down the price at which the blind and the carpet were purchased ten years ago. This, of course, would involve to a slight extent the painful obligation of making out an inventory of perished valuables; but the satisfaction of exchanging an old carpet for a new one might possibly be regarded as a trifling compensation for the anguish of mind. The more important cases of considerable though partial damage would have to be dealt with in a different way. If half a house-full of goods is destroyed, it is obviously just as distressing to go through the inventory process as if the whole contents, including the last baby and the tom-cat, had perished in the flames. The new principle, therefore, to be good for anything, must reach this case as well as that of a total loss. But the *Times* scarcely attempts to meet this contingency. It is in the nature of slashing articles to be a little vague. Precision is akin to pettiness. Accordingly, we do not find the problem quite so satisfactorily worked out for the case of partial losses, or, in other words, for nine fires out of ten, as might be desired. Enough, however, is said to indicate the obvious course to be pursued under such a mitigated affliction. The unfortunate proprietor would only have a very short calculation to make—something of this kind:—"I insured for 1,000*l.*, say two-thirds of the cost of my furniture when I first led the mother of my now grown-up sons to her bridal home. Ergo, the value of my furniture may be put at 1,500*l.* From the present appearance of my devastated home, and the very damp condition in which my books have been rescued, I should say that half my property has been destroyed. I therefore make a claim for 750*l.*" To this the office would reply as before, by sending an immediate cheque, and the grief of the assured would soon find consolation in the exciting occupation of purchasing new furniture without diminishing the balance at his bankers'. Even in this case, therefore, the proposed plan would work admirably.

Some captious critics may say that this would be all very well for the public, but that it would soon ruin the Insurance offices. There could not be a greater mistake. So far from injuring the companies, it would benefit them most of all. We will, for the sake of argument, put the case in the most unfavourable light. It is painful to assume, even hypothetically, that people who send such excellent letters to the *Times* could be at all lax in conscience, or that the class on whose behalf they appeal (the whole public, in fact) could be guilty of downright fraud. Most persons who insure their goods pay income-tax, and there is no reason for doubting that the same consciences which are relied on to return the full amount of income might be equally well trusted not to exaggerate the losses for which compensation would be claimed in case of fire. The suggestion of possible fraud, therefore, may be dismissed as one of those unworthy suspicions with which heartless people who pride themselves on a supposed knowledge of the world always

meet the proposals of a philosophy to which they cannot rise. But we concede everything. Let it be assumed that the average insurer would be tempted to exaggerate his loss when every check on dishonesty was removed; still it is an entire mistake to suppose that the offices would suffer. On the contrary, they would share equally in the gain, and it is this which is the real recommendation of the project of the *Times*. A few words will make this plain. The profit of an office is, in the long run, in proportion to the amount of the losses which it pays—for this simple reason, that the premiums are fixed by ascertaining from long experience the average losses, and then adding a certain percentage sufficient to make it worth while to carry on business. If, from any change of atmospheric conditions, the risk of fire in London were suddenly doubled, the offices would take twice as much in premiums and would exactly double their profits. Now, if we make the extravagant supposition that, on the new system, a loss of 500*l.* would on the average be charged as 1,000*l.*, the effect would be precisely the same as if all houses had suddenly become twice as combustible as before. There would, in truth, be two risks in every insurance—one of loss by fire, the other an equal risk of loss by fraud. It is the beauty of the insurance principle that it applies as well to one kind of risk as another, and, if once the tables are adjusted, an office can make as much money by insuring against fraud as by insuring against fire. Indeed, this is exactly what the Guarantee companies do. It will be seen, therefore, that the *Times*' project, while it would entirely remove the grievance which raised the controversy, would at the same time double the profits of the companies. The giver and the receiver would be equally blessed.

Why, then, it may well be asked, is it not adopted at once? We feel bound to be candid, and to admit that there is one slight drawback to the scheme. If exorbitant claims increased, as we suppose they would increase when greater facilities were given for them, the Companies would pay more for losses in the year, and must balance the amount by charging more for premiums. All must admit the equity of this, and in any case it is undeniable that a business which ceased to be profitable would soon come to an end. Competition has brought down premiums to the lowest point at which a sufficient profit can be made to keep insurance business going at all; and it is obvious that every additional guinea paid to claimants of comparatively lax morals must come out of the pockets of the entire class of insurers. Just as the honest taxpayers pay for the dishonest, so it would be with insurers. An income-tax of sevenpence in the pound is now required where one of fourpence would perhaps suffice if every one were conscientious. The extra threepence is the price paid by the honest part of the community for the facilities given for evasion of schedule D. Just in the same way, a premium of 3*s.* must take the place of the ordinary premium of 1*s.* 6*d.*, if losses are to be doubled by the removal of all checks on fraud. The question, therefore, is not one of fairness and liberality as between the public and the offices, but merely one of expediency as between the public and itself, or rather as between the honest and the dishonest sections of society. Nothing would be simpler than to relieve those who insure from the task of proving the amount of their losses, and at the same time to afford to people of easy morals increased facilities for making illicit gains. The grave question is, whether it is worth while to purchase the benefit by paying double premiums; and even if this question were answered in the affirmative, it might still be worth the consideration of philanthropists whether it would be quite right to demoralize half the community for the sake of saving the other half some occasional trouble.

#### MR. FORSTER AT LEEDS.

MR. FORSTER'S speech at the Leeds meeting on the American civil war, as far as its merits in language and construction go, ranks above the usual commonplaces which are delivered by "fugitive slaves" in obscure London meeting-houses. We do not propose to examine the flatulent nonsense which appears to have been spoken at the "Great Meeting at Craven Chapel" on Monday night. But Mr. FORSTER has a political standing, and Mr. CHANNING has an historical name; though we can hardly say that their utterances at the Leeds Music-hall will add much to their fame. Mr. FORSTER'S speech admits of the briefest analysis. Here, in England, nobody understands the true meaning and significance of the American war but the working men. In Parliament, and among the well-informed and educated classes, there is



nothing but a general and lamentable misunderstanding. The war is a mere contest between the North as resolved to put down, and the South as determined to uphold, negro slavery. All Englishmen love liberty. Political liberty is incompatible with the existence of slavery. The Federals are the champions of freedom, and therefore England is bound to withhold all aid from the cause of their enemies, especially by selling ships and munitions of war to be employed in behalf of a slave-holding State. There is nothing, of course, new in all this; but, coming from a man in Mr. FORSTER's position, it is worth a moment's examination.

First, we are told that Englishmen "misconceive this great struggle in its very principle and its foundation." We shall not trouble Mr. FORSTER with the grounds of that firm conviction which he admits to be generally prevalent in Parliament and amongst educated men, that the abolition of slavery is not the "principle of the struggle." It is not our purpose to go over beaten ground. It has been proved over and over again that the contest is really the product of a combination of causes, involving political, mercantile, and climatic considerations. It is the result of tendencies which have been growing ever since the first hour of the Federal Union, and which have received a rapid acceleration by the enormous acquisitions of territory, and the incorporation of new States, which have separated further and further the diverging interests of the old States. The large majority of educated Englishmen, according to Mr. FORSTER's admission, find in the disputed question of State-Rights the principle and foundation of the war. They think that the struggle is for independence on the one side and for empire on the other, and they find the champions of political liberty in the South and the enemies of freedom in the North. As to slavery, it has been made a cry on both sides. It is quite true that President LINCOLN, though it took him some time to make the discovery, has, by his Emancipation Proclamation, done his best to identify the cause of the North with abolition; but this was after the war had been going on for months, and almost years. The avowed and acknowledged cause of the war was the act of separation and secession, taking form in the attack on Fort Sumter. It is quite true that the popular declaration of Southern independence paraded the question of slavery as the main ground of secession, but it may be doubted whether this was anything more than bunkum for the planters. The South has also declared, with equal emphasis, and on repeated occasions, that the turning point of the dispute is the question of State-Rights, and the real meaning of the original terms of Federation. These are the two conflicting views on the principle of the American war. Mr. FORSTER holds that one must be right, because the working men hold it, and that the other must be wrong, because it prevails in Parliament and amongst thoughtful and educated men. Which is right or which is wrong we are not now discussing; but the argument that any political judgment must necessarily be correct because it is not held by any educated politicians is at least curious. Mr. FORSTER has to explain, and it must be a rather difficult thing to explain, how it comes to pass that, if the war is merely about slavery, no politician in Europe worthy of the name can see this fact. Mr. FORSTER says that statesmen of all parties, Lord DERBY as well as Lord PALMERSTON, are agreed on the duty and necessity of English neutrality; but Lord DERBY and Lord PALMERSTON are equally agreed that the slave question is not the *jugulum cause*. Surely the judgment of all politicians, of all parties, is as likely to be right as that of Mr. NEWMAN HALL and the crowds who assembled at the Leeds meeting.

But Mr. FORSTER says that the North was as much justified in taking up arms to preserve the Union as we should be in any efforts we might make to preserve our Indian Empire or to retain Ireland. There is not one of us, of any party, who, if it came to the dire alternative, would not draw the sword to prevent the dismemberment of the British Empire. So Mr. FORSTER says; and he goes on to assert that Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD are as justifiable in the means which they employ as we should be in suppressing by force of arms an Indian mutiny or an Irish rebellion. This is a strange doctrine to be seriously propounded by a Liberal politician, and stranger still for a liberal audience to cheer. The North, according to Mr. FORSTER, firmly believing that slavery is an accursed thing, is justified in ravaging and depopulating the South because the Cotton States believe that slavery is justifiable both by the dictates of human policy and of the Divine law. It is a case of conscience on both sides; but the one has the truth, the other has the error. Every country, then, is, according to this view, bound to propagate what it believes to be moral and religious truth in its subject provinces, by fire and

sword. This easy doctrine at once justifies the Duke of ALVA, whose policy seems to be the object of imitation by the Northerners. It cannot be seriously argued that Spain had not quite as clear a right to maintain her honour and the integrity of her Empire by keeping the Dutch provinces as the Washington PRESIDENT has to preserve the integrity of the Union by the same means. In either case, a war of extermination becomes a matter of plain political duty on the part of the Imperial power. It is quite right, according to Mr. FORSTER, in the case of rebellious provinces, to pour liquid fire into one city, to raze others to the ground, to burn all the crops, and destroy all the homesteads and products of a hundred years of civilization, to drown whole provinces, to block up harbours, to bring down the population of one city from 300,000 or 400,000 to 60,000 souls, to invite all the horrors of a slave rebellion. In a word, BUTLER and TURCHIN are the sort of agents whom England would be justified in letting loose on Irish Papists in the case of a rebellion. What might be the duty of England in the case of a large and general Irish secession, as the thing happens to be impossible, it is quite superfluous to discuss; but it is at least curious to know what sort of means so ardent a lover of freedom as Mr. FORSTER is prepared to justify in the sacred work of coercing rebels. A late King of Naples earned an ugly sobriquet for doing precisely what General GILMORE has done at Charleston. Mr. FORSTER was not, we believe, a public speaker at the time of the bombardment of Palermo; but had he been, we should have been edified by the singular spectacle of a Radical orator appearing as King FERDINAND's apologist. And, as it is, Mr. FORSTER and his Liberal friends may be able to distinguish (if they can) between Mr. LINCOLN's duty to preserve the Union by fire and sword, and the CZAR's duty to preserve the Russian empire by massacring unarmed Polish citizens; but they have not yet announced the distinction. One thing is most certain—that the tender mercies of the CZAR are to those of Mr. LINCOLN as the loins of SOLOMON to the little finger of REHOBAM.

Mr. FORSTER is at least consistent in his inconsistency. The cause of the North is, he asserts, that of political freedom generally. The North went to war "lest their political liberties should 'perish' in the supremacy of the Southern oligarchs and aristocrats. The home of political freedom is in the North, therefore it demands all our sympathies. It may be so, just as the cobbler's wife is said to be the worst shod. The Northerners are so very fond of political freedom that, in the exercise of the highest charity, we suppose they give to others what they deny to themselves. Strange things have been before this done in the name of freedom; but even a Leeds audience would be surprised if they knew—which Mr. FORSTER took care not to tell them—that the land of freedom is a land where the press is interfered with, and the Habeas Corpus set aside, and where one man's proclamation is above all law, and is enforced upon a whole city, even pending a judicial inquiry, by an army of thirty thousand men and a fleet of gunboats commanding its wharves and quays. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, for example, is a startling and remarkable result of that political freedom whose choicest dwelling-place is in New York. No doubt GENGHIS KHAN and MAHOMED and ATILA may have had a good deal to say for themselves. They believed conscientiously—quite as conscientiously as Mr. LINCOLN does—that they were wielding the scourge of God, and that it was their duty to punish with fire and sword the rebel, and to exterminate the infidel. So far, they and the Federals have the same good cause, as they maintain it by the same good weapons; but we do not remember that they claimed to be defenders of civil and personal freedom. Mr. FORSTER is a student of history, and he traces the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire to a cause unknown to GIBBON—namely, to the introduction under the Empire of domestic slavery, which ordinary readers think they find in every page of Rome's republican history. We will therefore ask him to consider two chapters in past history, and in our own annals—CROMWELL's ravage of Ireland, and Dutch WILLIAM's pacification of the Highlands, especially in a certain place called Glencoe. These acts were the acts of men who represented liberty, and professed to be serving the cause of freedom, as Mr. FORSTER says the North is now doing. Does Mr. FORSTER justify these two events in English history?

#### PUMPS AND IAMBICS.

LORD STANLEY'S speech at Liverpool revived a question which has considerable interest for this generation, and which, under one form or other, is continually presenting itself. Is the education now given at English public schools the best that

English gentlemen could receive? Are the subjects chosen the right subjects, and is the right preponderance given to one subject over another? Lord Stanley is of opinion that a great error is made. Too much importance is attached to the decorative part of classical education, of which verse-making is the most obvious instance. Too little attention is given to the application of science to real life. He spoke with a practical knowledge. He had, when at school, made verses, with a certain fondness for the pursuit, and he now saw the vanity of this exercise of the intellect. He had not been taught to apply science practically, and he regretted that he had thus been placed under an unnecessary disadvantage. What he meant by this, he had the sense to leave tolerably vague; but if an attempt is made to give a definite instance which shall show what he means, it would be hard to give a better instance than that of pumps; for the scientific theory of pumps is by no means easy to understand, so that no one can despise the attainments involved in comprehending it, while no application of science is more important and more conspicuous in daily life. In verse-making, on the other hand, iambics are justly reckoned a very advanced stage, for Greek is a harder language than Latin; and that an English boy should make Greek verses may be safely reckoned among the most surprising feats which a classical education enables us to perform. Some of the daily papers were delighted with Lord Stanley's remarks, and took occasion to make very deprecatory remarks on classical education generally. They wanted all pumps and no iambics. The test they employed was that of imagining two men cast on a desert island—the one great in pumps, the other great in iambics. The first man would make himself comfortable at once; the other would have no means of getting a breakfast, or of sheltering himself from the rain and dew, but what Greek versification could give him. This is one of those easy triumphs with which half-educated smart writers avenge themselves for their own misfortunes, and even to them the argument would be too transparently absurd were it not that it soothes their vanity. If the whole object of education were to provide resources on a desert island, it would be necessary that cooking, tallow-melting, and sawing should form a prominent part of it. The education of a gentleman would embrace a smattering of the knowledge of an ordinary field-labourer and of the very lowest class of mechanics. No one who knows what education can do, and what modern society is, can think that this is the true aim of learning. But still the idea that there is something wrong in English education is very prevalent, and in a certain degree it may be said that this idea takes the form of thinking there ought to be less iambics and more pumps; and it may be worth while to inquire how far this is true, and what are the changes that we can conceive as being introduced advantageously into the teaching of public schools.

Verse-making used to be defended on the ground that it gave a more thorough and more intimate knowledge of the ancient languages than could be obtained in any other way. The iambics were not valuable as iambics, but as indicating a familiarity with Greek plays. It is true that no one attempts to make French verses in order to gain a knowledge of the French language, but then the classical languages are learnt in a different way from that in which modern languages are learnt, and are highly prized as a means of general training, because they afford scope for a knowledge much more minute and exhaustive than could easily or profitably be attained in a modern language. It is enough to write and speak French fluently and grammatically, but this is not enough in Greek—it is necessary to do iambics. No one can deny that this theory is partially true, and that to do really good iambics indicates a keen perception of the niceties of the Greek language, and a great command over the vocabulary of the tragic poets. To be able to do first-rate iambics is, therefore, among the surest signs of an accomplished scholar. This is unquestionable; and if everyone who did iambics did them in the best style of modern art, there would be very little reason to wish that the stream of Greek verse composition should decrease. But, unfortunately, the successful artists are very few, and most boys who get on well at school do not advance beyond making second-rate iambics, while the bulk of Greek verse-makers do not learn to build anything deserving of the name of iambics at all. This composition of fifth or sixth-rate iambics appears to us to be a prodigious waste of time. It consumes hours upon hours to no purpose whatever, further than that it compels the student to do a task of some sort, and all industry has a value of its own. But the constructing of bits of bald, bad Greek, under an arrangement more or less metrical, is in itself as artificial, uninteresting, and profitless an occupation as a boy of moderate abilities can be engaged in. Nor do schoolmasters seriously deny this. What they say is, that it is almost impossible to tell precisely which boys will arrive at making profitable iambics, and therefore everybody must try. The iambics of the run of boys are like the failures of Brummel in handkerchiefs, and this waste is necessary in order that at last one handkerchief may be tied to perfection, and a scholar hit upon whose iambics are fair specimens of those embodiments of modern thoughts in ancient words which are reckoned the highest triumph of the scholastic muse.

Hitherto, schoolmasters have been allowed to arrange the education they give for the exclusive benefit of the few successful scholars, and to give the mass of boys entrusted to their charge scarcely any education whatever. But there are signs that, in a mild and feeble way, parents are beginning to kick against this. It is not too much to say that a boy may now go through five or six years of what is called a classical education at very expensive

private and public schools, and at the end not be able to do two sentences of Latin without a gross blunder, and not know how to conjugate the simplest Greek verb. But, then, the prize boy of the school, the one boy in a hundred who has an aptitude for iambics, has been taught to do them in a creditable and attractive style. By degrees the English public will learn to think this a very unsatisfactory result, and parents will be properly indignant that the ignorance and neglect in which their boys have been left should be defended on the ground that somebody else's boy can really do iambics. And this result will be favoured by another change that is going on. Formerly, scholars lived in a little world of scholars, keenly alive to its own performances, and measuring success by its own standards, while those who were not scholars adopted blindly the opinion of scholars. University honours were thought some of the greatest achievements of the human mind, and to get an iambic prize one of the brightest triumphs of human life. Now this has very much changed. University honours no longer carry much prestige with them. This is partly because experience has shown that a great prizeman may be, and often is, a man of little power of mind or aptitude for progress, and partly because the Universities, and especially Oxford, have done away with the value of University distinctions by multiplying them indefinitely. Formerly, a first-class at Oxford used to be thought a distinction. Now, there are first-classes to be got in every kind of subject, at every stage of University standing; and a moderately clever youth seems to his friends to be always getting first-classes, just as a little boy who is fond of bathing seems to be always in the water on a hot day. Partly from these honours, and partly from his general character, a promising University man does, however, get a distinction which stamps him, and he takes a position, not by his prizes, but by the judgment of his contemporaries. Iambics go only a short way to confer this distinction. In old days, a good maker of iambics got the Porson Prize; and there he was in his glory, like the moon when the heavens are bare. Now, the Porson Prize only raises a vague wonder whether its holder has got anything in him or not. Iambics still continue to be made, and probably will continue, but their prestige is much less, and therefore it may be hoped that the stupid boys will not be much longer sacrificed to them, and that something will be substituted which will do stupid boys real good.

There can be little difficulty in discovering what are the principal substitutes that might take up the time now wasted on verse-making. While the glory of verse-making has gone down lately among educated men, that of accurately rendering classical authors has risen. In fact, the whole energies of Cambridge, where there is scarcely any originality of speculative or mathematical thought, are devoted to the cultivation of this accuracy; and to be able to construe is there thought the only glory of man. Construing hardly deserves to be the exclusive aim of a whole University, but in itself it is a most excellent thing, and an admirable training. To be taught to render the classical languages very exactly is one of the most instructive aims to which the education of the run of boys tolerably well up at a public school could be directed; but then, to succeed in this, they must not be almost entirely neglected between the ages of twelve and fifteen as they are now. English boys might also, like French boys, be taught their own language, and, avoiding the pedantry of Anglo-Saxon roots, and of the works of Piers the Ploughman, might give a fair share of time to the masterpieces of the English language. It is also found that stupid boys often relish history when they relish nothing else; and there is no reason why they should not be gratified. All these things are stamped with the mark of a general and liberal education, and are therefore to be distinguished from the knowledge of those petty arts of daily life which the vulgar conceive to be what education should aim at. There ought to be no pumps at schools; and we entirely disagree with Lord Stanley, and think that an application of scientific principles to daily life would be a degrading and silly part of a gentleman's education. Iambics are wrong, but pumps are far worse. Making a pump is not more useful than cleaning windows, and Lord Stanley's theory is really that of Squeers, and the boys in his school would not only be taught to spell "window" but have to polish their master's glass.

Still we allow that making pumps, and even cleaning windows, ought to form a part of a boy's education, or something very like them. It is a great thing for a boy to be ingenious and handy, and to be able to shift for himself. But this ought to be a part of home education, or of play hours at school. A boy may most usefully learn how to saddle and feed and clean a horse, how a ship is rigged, how potatoes are boiled, how a salad is made. But, as a matter of fact, he does learn things like these at school already, and if parents took a little trouble, he would learn the rest at home. When it is asked how an imaginary scholar would get on if wrecked on a desert island, an easy triumph is won by the uneducated, who picture him sitting on the shore making Greek iambics and starving. But in real life the maker of Greek iambics has probably also learned to shoot, to play cricket, to row, to climb trees, to jump, and to swim. All these things would help him on his desert island, and as an English gentleman expects to live in England, and not on a rock in the Pacific, this brings him quite near enough to the capabilities of the savage. It would be a fatal mistake to make these things, and things like them, a part of the ordinary school teaching. The masters of most public schools give little enough now of that education which strengthens and liberalizes the ordinary mind; but if the pump theory were once



established in general favour, they would give none. We will try to prevent them forcing our stupid boys to do bald, bad, senseless iambs; but we will be also firm in protesting against their pocketing our money and handing our stupid boys over to bungling imitations of the arts of the plumber and the carpenter.

#### MAGNANIMITY.

ALEXANDER was not always magnanimous, but when he drank the suspected cup from the hand of his maligned friend and physician, he gave one of those examples of magnanimity which raise human nature on tiptoe, and descend to posterity as the heirlooms of civilization. It may be doubted whether the history of the world contains a finer instance of that quality which alone assimilates man to the immortal gods. But, in order fully to realize the beauty and grandeur of his action, there are many things to consider. There is, first, the greatness of Alexander. He was at that time the greatest man in the world, and might, without undue conceit, have set an extraordinary value on his own life. Then we must consider the nature of his ambition, and its immensity. It was an ambition subject, in his inmost heart, to none of the checks or drawbacks of which modern men are often conscious. It constituted the very marrow and essence of his mind—was confirmed by every spell of education and public opinion, whipped by every dream of his imagination, and ratified by every dictate of his conscience, such as it was. And if his ambition was unbounded, so was the tide of his success unprecedented and astounding, intoxicating and overwhelming. Then, on the other hand, we must look at the provoking triviality of the obstacle in the way of his glory. It was an illness, severe it is true, but so brief and so casual as to involve no corroding disappointment, and to suggest no disgust, but rather to make him grasp at life with the eagerness of a young, happy, and ambitious man—a man ambitious and happy beyond all usual conditions of happiness and ambition. Moreover, in such a desperate state, when men drunk with the desire to live seize at every straw, and cast everything aside which endangers their last chance, we must place in the opposite scale the insignificance of Philip of Acarnania, as Alexander might have thought it, in comparison with his own life and the conquest of the world—of Philip, not a great general, nor a great poet, nor a great philosopher, but only a physician, and, if an old friend, still a mere dependant. Finally, we must remember that Alexander, from his youth up, had been reared in an atmosphere of relentless intrigue—intrigue almost as black as that of a Russian Court—that he himself had been the target of faction and conspiracy, and that a man of such antecedents was, as it were, trained and moulded to suspicion. Nevertheless, he handed the letter to Philip, and he drank the cup.

The magnificence of the action speaks to the plainest understanding. But when we try to analyse it, and to discover that in it which, on the bare mention, touches our hearts and elevates our minds, the task is by no means easy. In one aspect at least, it might be possible, with a show of reason, to accuse Alexander of mere rashness and frivolity. It would not have been a great action in any other man to sacrifice Alexander to his physician—the greater to the less; and why, it might be argued, should that be the height of magnanimity, rather than mere folly, in Alexander himself, which in another man would have been a piece of brutal stupidity? Would Alexander have been less magnanimous had he reasoned thus:—"I am of infinitely more importance, not only to myself, but to the world, than this man; and it would be grossly absurd to endanger my life for the sake of sparing him a suspicion which is probably unjust, but which is not impossible true. He himself must forgive me, and must understand how natural such a feeling on my part is. I will address him frankly, as becomes a man: 'You have been to me a faithful servant and a friend. I know it, and acknowledge it with all my heart. But at this critical moment of my life, upon which you yourself know as well as I do how much depends, you will not misinterpret my sentiments towards you if I consult the dictates of prudence. The cup you hold in your hand may have been poisoned by the very man who attempts to throw suspicion upon you, and who may be equally hostile to you and to me. You see how ready I am to make allowances for you; I only ask you to make equal allowances for me when I decline to drink the medicine you have prepared.'" Some such address as this, spoken as Alexander could have spoken it, would have seemed to many minds, and perhaps not unjustly, the height of nobility on the part of one who need only have spoken the word to have the man's head chopped off, and get that suspicion, at all events, cleared out of his way. Or take another supposition. Suppose the cup had been poisoned, and Alexander had died. Would history have placed on record the magnanimity of Alexander, or his madness? The action would in either case have been the same, yet it can hardly be doubted that, had he died, half the world would have pronounced him a fool. On the other hand, his death would have shed additional lustre on his action in the eyes of all those who look upon martyrdom as the truest seal of sincerity. But, in either case, it was not an instance in which success is any real test of policy. And, indeed, it would seem to be of the essence of magnanimity in all cases to override policy in the pursuit of higher ends.

If we attempt to analyse magnanimity, the first consideration evidently arises out of the naked meaning of the word—largeness

of mind. No doubt, too, the first elementary notion which the word suggests is connected with bodily size. It is easier to conceive of the elephant as being magnanimous than the flea. Giants, says Mr. Thackeray, are good-natured and fond of beer. True, the elephant can be inconceivably petty and spiteful at times. And who can describe the daring of the unblushing flea? But, for all that, the popular notion holds good. And there is, further, the subjective notion of size as applied to the mind itself. Indeed, we could make further distinctions, but they might be wearisome. So much, however, is plain and useful to consider, that from the physical notion of the indifference to trifles which characterizes big and strong men, insensible to pain, we come to the more subjective notion of a mind raised above trifles and occupied with great things—a mind which neglects the blades of grass at its feet, which traverses continents, leaps over deserts, spans the seas, and yearns towards the inaccessible stars. And thus magnanimity is the reverse of everything finicking and small. It is, in its elementary condition, a state of mind which feeds upon large objects, and is less conscious of small ones. Hence it is the temper which, both by speculation and experience, we are taught to attribute to all the governing classes of mankind—to conquerors and statesmen and generals, even to soldiers and sailors, and, by analogy, to all those whose pursuits incline them to consider things in their more general aspects, such as great poets, great philosophers, great judges. And thus it is that, by degrees, the purely physical idea of magnitude is extended to moral subjects. From the admiration of great things to the contempt of small, there is but a step. And from one thing to another we pass to the contempt of death as unworthy to overawe a great mind, and so to the contempt for one's own life, which comes to seem, as it were, an accident, external to a man's own true self, his name and fame, his honour and reputation, his truth, loyalty, friendship, and that beauty of character which is as dear to the civilized man as his tattooing is to the savage. Hence the lines of the Latin poet:—

*Summum crede nefas animam preferre pudori,  
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

To treat life not as its own end, but as a means towards higher ends, is in fact the climax of human magnanimity, and the example given by Alexander rivets the attention because it sets this cardinal quality of magnanimity most nakedly before us. Philip of Acarnania was perhaps his oldest friend and most tried attendant. To have doubted or sacrificed him would have been to have sacrificed everything worth living for in this life. Alexander killed Clytus, indeed, in an access of rage, because Clytus denied that his actions were those of a god. But for whom besides himself should he care whether or not his actions were those of a god, save for those, as Philip of Acarnania, whom he so valued and who so valued him? It was as if he had said, "Life is the highest good, but I will not even have life if it is not such a life as I choose—a life free from taint or suspicion, and according to my own ideal."

The contempt for our life in comparison with our ideal of what life should be, is thus, perhaps, the ultimate and most comprehensive definition of magnanimity. The contempt for personal comfort in comparison with the satisfaction of a thousand small claims of a higher kind is only a corollary of the main principle. For magnanimity consists in preferring the greater to the less, and there is always some point at which we reach the culminating price of life itself. This is the foundation of Christian magnanimity, the magnanimity of self-abnegation—that magnanimity which enters into countless forms of Christian conduct and politeness, no small part of which might fairly be described as a series of miniature martyrdoms, which gradually cease to be felt as such, but without which no man in the present day can claim to realize in any degree the prevailing ideal of true refinement, courtesy, and high-breeding. No doubt, too, the magnanimity of chivalry in olden times contributed to endure so many minute observances to minds otherwise so busy and so masculine. And in the present day, when the general operation of moral qualities is of more importance than their occasionally heroic aspects, everything which helps to counteract the intense and microscopic tendency of our social life and the subdivision of social interests must be regarded as a blessing. There is the magnanimity of temper—a generosity of emotion which overleaps trifles; and there is the magnanimity of wisdom, or of an enlarged experience, neither soured by too much misfortune nor spoiled by too much prosperity. There is the magnanimity of pride—a loftiness of self-esteem that cannot condescend from the dignity of its own pedestal to dip its feet in the common mud of little men. There is the magnanimity of intellect, in those who, perhaps without much moral magnanimity, are so trained by their pursuits to generalization—that is, to consider things in their most general aspects—that they lose the sense of petty interests. Yet such men, who smile over the quarrels of governments and kings, will perhaps squabble frantically over a fossil bone. And, indeed, though intellectual pursuits have an unquestionable tendency to elevate the mind, their effect is not universal. If some of the most intellectual men have been among the noblest, many have been among the meanest of mankind.

It must be admitted that magnanimity, although the most beautiful and glorious of all the qualities to which a human being can aspire, is not that which our modern civilization is most calculated to encourage. Our interests are too minute and subdivided, our life too feverish and rapid. The ties which bind us

to one another and to society are too infinite in number and too lilliputian in dimension. Petty and peddling pursuits and accomplishments, minute training, the increase of education by the spoon, a state of petty dependence due to the infinitesimal network of mutual claims and responsibilities—all tend to dwarf any natural tendency to magnanimity. The modern man learns from his youth up, for the most part, to tread delicately among our modern china. He learns to stoop, and quibble, and manoeuvre. He shuffles, sneers, and backbites. He picks his steps, and bows to one side and to the other. He likes what is pretty, and smooth, and subtle. He is bored by what is large, and solid, and noble. He is fond of tinsel, and dislikes plain gold. His favourite expression is "nice." We are very far indeed from undervaluing the blessings of a more diffused education, and of the increase of that which is called, though much of it is falsely called, refinement and civilization. But every advantage has its disadvantages, and we only attempt to point them out. And though we should not be prepared to recommend the example of the gallant and impulsive old nobleman who, after a lifetime spent in all the great wars of the past generation, declared that none of his children should learn to do more than read and sign their names, we can fully enter into the sharp contempt with which a man who had seen life in all its aspects of grandeur, heroism, and devotion would look upon much that he observed around him in the rising generation. After all, the aim of education is to make men and women. If the end of civilization really were to make pedantic simpletons of women, and babies and fops of men, some of us would prefer to retrace our steps towards so-called barbarism, as being, in fact, the higher state of things. But then there is also the affectation of magnanimity—the affectation of the frog trying to swell itself out to the dimensions of the bull. It is inconceivable how the ramifications of false magnanimity extend throughout society, and under what infinite aspects it displays itself, from the affectation of wearing no crinoline to the affectation of wearing it bigger than any other woman. There is the affectation of being superior to trifles, with which dishonest men conceal their ignorance under pretence of laughing at botany and beetles. The part of true magnanimity here is not to pooh-pooh the subject, but to recognise its importance, and survey one's own ignorance with perfect ease, without flutter or dismay. Those who do this are ever superior to their ignorance. There is just as much little-mindedness in the industry with which some people drag the attention of their neighbour to their own defects, as there is in the hot and cowardly haste of others in covering up the minutest shortcomings. True magnanimity is too great to be much concerned to do either.

Aristotle has said that all great men are melancholy, and it is interesting to trace the part which melancholy plays as an almost inseparable feature of magnanimity. The ancients, when they ascribed a slow gait and the absence of eagerness to men of great minds, touched, unconsciously perhaps, upon this side of magnanimity. Zeal may, indeed, at certain critical moments, be essential to greatness of mind, but as a rule it is of the essence of a large mind to be impressed with the comparative triviality of things rather than with their overwhelming importance. Hence we come upon the true explanation of the notorious fact that zealots of all denominations are, invariably and without exception, men of little minds. It is true that zealots often do great things, and bring down men infinitely their superiors, just as some vermin will fasten undaunted on the neck of the eagle, and, wingless themselves, bring the imperial bird down from the skies. But the secret of their audacity is the blindness and contraction, not the largeness, of their vision. The melancholy and the magnanimity of Hamlet go hand-in-hand, and a zealot is incapable of either. And largeness of vision is inseparable from a special melancholy, due not to the peevishness and grumbling of discontent, but partly to a truer estimate of things, and partly to the perception of the infinitesimally small weight of the greatest man in the general scale of the universe. It is curious to observe also that, as a rule, beasts and birds of prey—that is to say, animals accustomed to look down upon a portion of the world from a higher point of view—are usually, except at particular moments of extraordinary activity, melancholy, and of a brooding disposition. The sparrows that are for ever chirping, the rabbits that are for ever hopping about, the doves that are for ever cooing, and, generally speaking, the more mobile part of creation, are illustrations on the opposite side of the same great principle which Aristotle expressed in reference to mankind when he said that great men are melancholy. It does not in the least follow that peevish and melancholy people are therefore great. Peevishness and melancholy are, unluckily, as common as true magnanimity is rare. Still, in spite of this, it remains true that a certain sadness and melancholy, far removed, indeed, from the affectation of it, are the almost invariable concomitants of the greatest of human qualities. But if this be considered a drawback, what shall we say of the indefinable charm, the magnetic influence of true magnanimity? Magnanimity lends a mellowness, an ease, a grace, a boundless sense of liberty to human intercourse, which are its highest and rarest fruits. Magnanimity heightens all enjoyments, smooths all asperities, exaggerates nothing, knows no revenge, nor selfishness, nor egotism, nor pettiness, nor spite—is not a time-server, nor a tuft-hunter, nor a fortune-hunter. The pleasures of vanity may grow cold, and even those of sober and well-gotten fame may grow pale; but magnanimity never palls, for it depends alone upon itself, and is the halo of its own existence.

#### NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

WE are familiar enough with the existence of national prejudices. We have plenty of our own, and we are always on the alert to recognise them in other nations. We know their obstinacy, their endurance, their invulnerability to reason, to ridicule, or to the teaching of experience. But we very seldom take the trouble to ask how these curious features of national character were originally produced. Yet they are moral phenomena worthy of more careful investigation. There seems to be no particular reason, in the nature of things, why the English nation should be moved by its hatred of Popery to an excitement to which no question of national interest, scarcely any question of national honour, can rouse it—why the Scotch taste for their very unattractive Sabbath should defy alike the caprices of fashion and the steady progress of enlightenment—or why a Frenchman's passion for equality should have survived a series of the most violent changes in the political institutions under which he lives. Other passions seize hold of a nation for a time, and govern it till the events which have called them forth have passed away. But they cease, like other effects, with the cessation of the cause which gave them birth. It is not so with these characteristic prejudices. They usually date from some historical event, and, when they first arose, had some reference to actually existing evils. But they have not softened in proportion as those evils have disappeared. They were not distinguishable at the time from any other popular passion of the day; but, having once crept into the heart of the people, they stay there, and while other popular caprices and manias come and go with the passing events of the time, these take root in the national character, and remain unaffected by any external events or vicissitudes of opinion.

There seem to be periods in the history of a people—usually periods of great convulsion—during which the national character is soft to impressions of this kind. After such a period has passed away, the character hardens, the impressions become indelible, and no new ones of a similar permanence can be subsequently made. The most remarkable illustration of this process is the change which came over the English character at the period of the Reformation. That age has the credit of having given birth to the Puritan spirit which makes itself felt in every part of English society, which rules the middle classes with a rod of iron, and casts a gloom over every phase of English life. It is undoubtedly a wintry gloom, carrying with it much of the compensation which accompanies all bracing but ungenial climates. This Puritan element is the source of many of the sterner virtues of the English character, which we could ill afford to lose. But, whatever its advantages or disadvantages, there was nothing in the previous history of the people to foreshadow its appearance. It does not belong to any of the nations from whom we are sprung. Neither among the Germans nor among the Normans is there any trace of the sour, drab-coloured religion which was invented by the Puritans, and has deeply influenced the habits of Englishmen up to this day, not only in religious matters, but in the whole of their social life. Nor in the centuries that preceded the Stuart times were the English a sombre-minded people, averse either to gaiety or to a ceremonial religion. We have neither inherited this character from our earlier ancestors, nor have we imported it from abroad. The Puritans arose suddenly, evolved this national character out of their own religious meditations, stamped it upon the nation, and after the lapse of two centuries and a half the mark has hardly lost its freshness. In Scotland the same operation was performed with more vehement energy, and an effect proportionately more intense has been produced. The Scotch Sabbath is a good instance of the permanence and depth of the impression which one or two generations of social convulsion will leave for centuries upon a nation's mind. There is nothing in the institution that is attractive, or that gratifies any weakness in human nature. Its theological basis is absurdly slender. Barring a pale and reduced copy of it which the Scotch communicated to England during the troubles of the Great Rebellion, it is absolutely unique in the Christian world. In Scotland itself, until the time of Knox, or even rather later, it was wholly unknown. Yet it was in the power of a small body of men of no remarkable genius to inlay this monstrous superstition so deeply into the minds of their countrymen that no amount of mental culture appears capable of weakening it. The tendency of all modern thought is strongly adverse to such observances; and in the race of intellectual progress the Scotch have always kept a leading place. It is at variance with liberal ideas, and with the views of all liberal politicians; and the Scotch are very advanced liberals in their political professions. But they would rather abandon all claim to intellectual eminence, and throw all their liberal doctrines into the fire, than abandon an iota of the oppressive formalism which they picked up from a clique of Calvinists three centuries ago. Probably at no other time in their history would they have accepted such an idea, and clung to it with such tenacity; at all events, at no other time have they ever done the like, though their history has not been barren of epochs of intellectual movement and social convulsion. But this was the period of softness through which every nation seems to pass, and at which alone lasting impressions can be made—the age in a nation's growth at which the twig, once strongly bent, takes its ply for ever.

It is not so easy to speak with certainty of the effect which the



French Revolution has had on France, because only two generations have passed since it took place. But if an argument may be drawn from the experience which so short an interval of time furnishes, it would seem that Rousseau has been to France much what John Knox has been to Scotland. His theories of equality appear to have penetrated his countrymen as thoroughly, and to have taken as deep root, as the peculiar religion of Scotland has done with the Scotch. The obstinacy with which the French cling to that curious law which deprives a man of the power of bequeathing as he likes the property he has acquired, lest he should be tempted to accumulate it upon a single son, shows how strongly they dread the restoration of anything that could resemble a landed aristocracy. Almost the only institution to which they have clung through their various revolutions has been the equal division of property among children. The Royalists, in the very height of their power, during the reign of Louis XVIII., though they were able to pass a law punishing sacrilege with death, and to send an army into Spain to put down liberal institutions, failed to persuade the Chambers to repeal the law of equal division. The present Emperor of the French, much as he would like to see stability assured to his dynasty by the creation of some sort of aristocracy, has not ventured upon the only measure by which such a class could be enabled to form itself. The distribution of titles, which has recently been extended from military merit to merit of a humbler and more sober kind, is too harmless to excite anything more than ridicule; but the very character of the ridicule employed by M. Forcade in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* shows how deeply the contempt for such distinctions has sunk into the minds of the mass of educated Frenchmen. Among the uneducated the feeling is still stronger. If you ask any ordinary peasant *en blouse* the title of some representative of the old nobility who refuses to forget his rank or to let the world forget it, the chances are you get some such answer as—"Oh ! il est Comte ou Marquis ou je ne sais quoi comme cela." The very care which the maids of all work take to speak of each other as "Mademoiselle," the tendency even of the cads in the street to point each other out as "Monsieur," are indications of the same settled dislike of social distinctions, which has become a national characteristic. But it is, historically speaking, quite new. We do not hear any mention of it a hundred-and-fifty years ago. Even a hundred years ago it had hardly wandered beyond the writings of a few theorists, and the little suppers of some high-born *esprits forts*. It was burnt into the popular mind by the terrible events of the Revolution; and there it appears likely to remain. The French have had an abundance of social convulsions—one or two of them nearly as bloody as the great Revolution. They have had their share, too, of the intellectual movements that have affected the rest of Europe. But none of them have left any distinct mark upon the spirit of the people. The Reformation struggle passed over them as over England and Scotland, but it did not modify the character of the people. It appears difficult to give a reason why the convulsion of the eighteenth century should have differed so strongly from its predecessors in the effects it has left behind. We can only say that, as a matter of fact, so it seems to be.

The mysterious origin and refractory nature of these national prejudices ought to serve as a check to that passion for recommending forms of government to their neighbours to which English people are very prone. Some years ago it was generally held in this country that our form of government was a universal machine for the production of prosperity and progress, which could with perfect ease be screwed on to any race of men. Even now, although the rigour with which the English Constitution was prescribed to all patients is a little abated, the idea is still prevalent that certain forms which we possess are indispensable to good government, and must be adopted by every people that wishes to be free and happy. Such a doctrine can only proceed on the assumption that men must be everywhere, and under all circumstances, beings of the same passions; and the assumption is manifestly untrue. Setting aside all other elements of difference, these national prejudices must always be fatal to any such calculation. We ourselves know how hard it is to press religious liberty upon the Scotch. In the same way, it is probable that the democracy in France will never be kept in check without a strong central Government. In Germany it will probably be always necessary to sacrifice a good deal of practical utility to logical symmetry, simply because Germans who think cannot be happy without logical symmetry. In the face of such profound differences in the subject-matter of each political Constitution, it is impossible that any universal maxims for the construction of Constitutions can be safely framed.

#### MR. EDWARD ELLICE.

THE death of Mr. Ellice has broken one of the links which seemed to unite several political generations. Although he was not, like one or two of his contemporaries, still engaged in the conduct of affairs, he followed every public transaction with unabated interest, while his memory was an open and inexhaustible store-house of anecdotes and traditions. Having entered life early, he enjoyed it to the last, after a fortunate exemption, for more than half a century, from the evils of idleness and solitude. An active man of business, he was also by habit and disposition eminently sociable; and in his later years he was happy in a taste for the society of younger men, and in a faculty of acquiring their confi-

dence and regard. Inclination and opportunity brought him, at all periods of his life, into relation with eminent politicians, and with persons who were in any manner conspicuous in society. He was the brother-in-law of the second Lord Grey, the near connexion of Lord Durham, and the cordial admirer of Lord Melbourne. His intimacy with Mr. Whitbread and Sir Francis Burdett may have enabled him to compare the Radicalism of two distant eras when, in after years, he took pleasure in cultivating the acquaintance of Mr. Bright. He played whist with Talleyrand, he visited Louis-Philippe, he had long been intimate with M. Thiers, and he counted among his friends at least one Senator of the present Empire. He knew every eminent American of his time, and his local knowledge may perhaps sometimes have exempted him from the common reproach that it is impossible for Englishmen to understand the United States. At home, he had relations of business or acquaintance with celebrated or notorious persons in almost every rank of life. When he was associated with Lord Byron in the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, he had to humour the vagaries of Kean. He was once surprised with the repayment of a forgotten loan by Morrison the Hygeist, whom he had befriended before the young adventurer had yet dreamed of the capabilities of gambouge. In his youth, the strongly-marked divisions of the time probably confined his friendships chiefly to his own political associates; but the gradual obliteration of hostile distinctions enabled him in his maturer life to cultivate the society of opponents and neutrals, without relaxing his own political connexions. The generation which is passing away is, for the most part, free from the weakness which satirists and moral writers have from time immemorial attributed as an unflattering characteristic to age. Mr. Ellice loved to retail the treasures of his long experience, but he was never disposed to excessive praises of the past, and he appreciated all the social improvements, as well as the material discoveries, which he had lived to witness. At the time of his death, there was perhaps no man in England who had a larger acquaintance, and few of those who conversed with him found him wanting in attention to any topic of public or general interest. His numerous correspondents in France, in England, and in America had reason to wonder at the activity of his mind even more than at his trained sagacity. Like Ulysses in the poem, he "drained life to the lees," with the wholesome zest of a vigorous mental constitution.

Although his party consistency was from first to last unimpeachable, a hasty critic might have called Mr. Ellice a Radical in youth, and an aristocratic Conservative in old age. In some degree his opinions had probably been modified by experience, and few prosperous men after sixty are morbidly desirous of change; yet it is scarcely conceivable that he can have been enthusiastic at any period of life, and he was always exempt from prejudices and political superstitions. The reforms which he had, with his friends, recommended and promoted have long since been embodied in the Constitution, and there was no reason why he should wish to reopen the settlement in which he had taken a not inconsiderable part. A professed and consistent advocate of expediency, he had no propensity to theories, and his habit of mind led him to attach far greater importance to persons than to things. When a new measure was proposed, his first thought was whether it would pass the House of Commons, or whether it would be sufficiently popular to influence a future election. He could seldom understand that it was the duty of a Government to court a defeat, or that there was any advantage in running counter to public opinion, except by a defensive opposition to questionable innovations. Like the Duke of Wellington, he thought it above all things necessary that the Queen's Government should be carried on. The early part of his career had been spent in a minority which ultimately achieved a permanent triumph. After the accomplishment of the great Whig reforms, and the subsequent abolition of the Corn-laws, Mr. Ellice attributed the occasional loss of office by his party to the blunders of its leaders rather than to their self-sacrificing patriotism. When Lord John Russell, during the Russian war, thought it necessary to force a Reform Bill on Parliament and the country, Mr. Ellice rose as soon as the Minister had expounded his project, and protested, in a few grave and impressive sentences, not against the inconvenience of the ill-timed scheme, but against the proposed disfranchisement of his own faithful constituents, the upright freemen of Coventry. Though taking but a moderate interest in the special grievance, the House felt, when Mr. Ellice sat down, that the Reform Bill was already doomed. He had expressed with perfect accuracy the general determination to postpone domestic revolution, at least till the return of peace, while he had happily evaded the denunciation of Reform in general which almost every member would have shrunk from uttering.

No man could have been better qualified for the office which he held during the most important part of his political life. As Secretary of the Treasury in Lord Grey's Administration, Mr. Ellice had the duty of managing the elections, and of negotiating the compensations which were necessary to satisfy the Liberal owners of boroughs. So many places and peerages and seats were probably never before at the disposal of a single person; and by the universal admission of friends and opponents, the duty was discharged with extraordinary efficiency and vigour. Never losing sight for a moment of the main object of securing a majority and carrying the Reform Bill, Mr. Ellice was probably well content to employ himself in personal negotiations rather than in debating principles of which he was already fully satisfied. While he virtually bought those whom it was necessary to buy, he never was

suspected of selling his own independence by any approach to a personal job. His experience must have revealed to him many obliquities and weaknesses, but his cheerful and practical intellect was not so constituted as to lead him to despise human nature. He had probably never supposed that men were faultless, and his general good nature taught him that in most cases there was some good to be discovered. It was, perhaps, rather by deliberate calculation than through sympathetic zeal that he appreciated the advantage of sustaining and stimulating popular enthusiasm. He always piqued himself on having either invented or most effectually circulated the famous cry of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!" It is impossible to estimate the effect of political watchwords, but few cant phrases have enjoyed an equally undoubted success. After the Reform Bill was carried, Mr. Ellice entered the Cabinet as Secretary at War, on the retirement of Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham. He was then believed to be one of the most zealous Reformers in the Government, but during his short tenure of office he devoted himself with laudable and useful energy to the duties of his department. His business habits probably made his duties easy and agreeable; and he was afterwards always respected as an authority on questions of military administration. After the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's Ministry in 1834, Mr. Ellice never returned to office. His large property provided him with abundant private occupation, and he continued his activity in Parliament and in the councils of his party. The influence which a skilful bystander may exercise on affairs was peculiarly suited to his inclination and character.

As years passed over, his familiarity with the secrets of Cabinets perhaps imperceptibly diminished, but his advice was often sought and justly valued by rising politicians. Like Horace's father, he taught by examples, and the complication for which he was unfurnished with a precedent must have been strangely anomalous. He knew the ways of statesmen and the tastes of the House of Commons; and, better than any of his contemporaries of equal social position, he knew the feelings of the classes whose existence Cabinet Ministers are sometimes tempted to forget. He had dealt with men of business in England and America as an equal, and his habitual courtesy facilitated the intercourse with strangers which he took every opportunity of cultivating. Although he was a Whig of the Whigs, he never buried himself in any clique or coterie. It was one of his greatest pleasures to devote himself for a time to foreign society, where he could enlarge and vary his range of observation. In the House of Commons, he probably knew more of the new class of members introduced by the Reform Bill than any of his colleagues in Lord Grey's Government. The ease and kindness of his manner were fully appreciated by his younger acquaintances, who were also more than tolerant of his copious reminiscences. No survivor has heard Mr. Ellice utter a silly sentence, nor would it be easy to remember any proof of bigotry or narrowness in his conversation. His sensible and unprejudiced views sometimes irritated political purists, who were thinking of what ought to be done while he was explaining what it was possible to do. His own large toleration was most severely tried by impracticability, by ignorance of human nature, and by the application of pedantic rules to political affairs. To theories, however exaggerated, although they had little interest for his own mind, he listened with the good-humoured respect which he was accustomed to bestow on every form of intellectual activity. It was only when speculation claimed to regulate practical details that the veteran of business revolted, like Hannibal in the story, against the professor of tactics who affected to be a general. Among the statesmen whom he had known he most often quoted Lord Melbourne, perhaps because he was in the habit of giving a more intellectual and humorous expression to the maxims which guided Mr. Ellice's conduct. In public and private his life must be regarded as singularly useful, consistent, and fortunate. No man of his time who spoke so seldom exercised so much influence in the House of Commons, nor has any politician more accurately understood the extent, the limit, and the best application of his own abilities and opportunities. He often congratulated himself on his education at the University of St. Andrews, where he had learned the rudiments of science, of moral philosophy, and of political economy, which were more congenial to his taste and capacity than the classical scholarship of England. His ample fortune enabled him both to maintain his position in public life and to exercise a large and liberal hospitality. In political questions he had, notwithstanding his slight respect for doctrinal theories, steadily regarded the public interest, and he had often been able to promote it. Devotedly beloved by his friends, and full of wholesome interests to the last, he had the rare felicity of employing every faculty which he possessed in the manner which he would have preferred if he could have determined beforehand all the circumstances of his career. It was a principal element of his happiness that he saw his country constantly improving, and that he left it in prosperity and peace.

#### THE FRENCH BY THE SEA-SIDE.

WHEN we English, after our morose fashion, go to disport ourselves at the sea-side, we pointedly leave behind, not only the business, but the recreations and luxuries of social life. There is a surcease, for the nonce, of concerts, balls, and plays, as well as of the work of the office and counting-house. It is a relief to escape for a brief interval from all the associations of town life *en bloc*. For the sake of mental relaxation and a wholesome

change of ideas, we make up our minds to rough it for a season in the body. A comfortable warm house is abruptly exchanged for some squeezey tenement standing in a situation of peculiar bleakness, and swept by every blast under heaven. The board is as Spartan as the lodging. From the hands of the skilful artist who for thirty pounds a year minimizes dyspepsia, your digestion passes into the temporary keeping of a dull provincial of predatory habits and questionable cleanliness. While the inner man languishes on a regimen of tough joints and luke-warm potatoes, the outer is severely punished by the knotty and angular conformation of every piece of furniture destined as a receptacle for the human form divine. It is part of the general spite against mankind which the British landlady nourishes to afflict her tenants by a course of penitential sittings, and to remind them of the soft settees they have left at home by the painful contrast of a few flinty chairs, and a horse-hair sofa, on which to snatch an interval of slippery repose. Out of doors there is little to compensate for the embargo laid on the greater part of the refinements of civilized life. There is no bathing, in the Continental sense of the term. People wash themselves in the open air and from a machine, instead of under cover and in a tub. The amusements are, first, watching your next-door neighbours; then, mooning up and down the Parade; and thirdly, diverging on to the beach, to count the ships in the offing, or revive the innocent associations of childhood by making ducks and drakes and "rotten eggs" in the water. In the afternoon, there is one or other of the two inevitable walks along the cliffs to the right or to the left. The habits of the gull and porpoise are observed with a certain amount of sickly interest. Afterwards, more counting of white specks, and more chucking of pebbles, and the curtain falls on a day in regard to which—if you cannot quite exclaim with the Latin poet, "I have lived"—you may at least say, with Topsy, "I have vegetated."

Our neighbours across the Channel do the thing in a very different way. Not only is the object for which they visit the coast defined with much more precision, but it is accomplished without the same interruption of every-day luxuries to which an Englishman, in similar circumstances, has to submit. It is true their lodgings are neither cleaner, nor more roomy, nor better furnished than ours. On the contrary, judged by English standards, they are generally wanting in the first essentials of comfort and even of decency. But different nations have different ideas of the comfortable, and the French are naturally regardless of all that the epithet conveys to a British understanding. Allowing, however, for the dissimilarity in the national tastes, there can be no doubt that the Frenchman, taking his ease by the sea-side, manages to come much nearer to his own ideal of enjoyment than our own Pater or Fraterfamilias. The bath, instead of being the mere tub affair it is with us, becomes the central incident of the day. To it are assigned the fashionable hours of the afternoon. Whenever Monsieur is not himself playing antics among the waves, some of his friends are sure to be splashing about in them, and their proceedings are watched with the liveliest interest. While "little societies" are formed in the water, the beach is occupied by tiers of spectators, who nod, and smile, and beckon, and scream to the voluble mermaids below. If the sea is at all rough, the excitement becomes tremendous. The female bathers, amidst shouts of "N'ayez pas peur, ayez confiance," &c., execute a most singular movement called bathing "en penitence," which consists in wallowing in the foam of the breakers in an attitude expressive of impious adoration of their male attendant's legs. The male bathers, who are generally good swimmers, approach the surf with the semi-defiant air of Curtius about to plunge into the gulf; but, wiser in their generation than the devoted Roman, with a rope attached to their waists, the custody of which is entrusted to no less than two or three vociferous and gesticulating bathing men. These last are a perfect study. Their spirits never flag, in spite of all the horrors of perpetually clammy inexpressibles. From morning to night they remain the same amphibious compound of fuss and philosophy. The crowd on the shore cries "Bravo!" and "Encore!" to the big waves, much as if they were popular comedians; and whenever one of extraordinary size appears, the beach resounds with a chorus of "Oh's!" elongated as only French palates can elongate a note of admiration. In their way, the French display a good deal of fondness for the sea. They do not probably feel about it quite what a Shelley or Wordsworth felt; but they pet it, and make much of it, and treat it with the same sort of out-spoken and easy familiarity with which any other public favourite is treated. A Frenchwoman generally goes into a little transport of sentiment over the sublimity of the ocean, but then it is easy to gauge the sentiment by the simultaneous anxiety of the fair speaker about her dress. The melodramatic instincts of the nation are characteristically shown in the attempt to improve the rugged aspect of old Neptune by illuminating him now and then with a shower of fireworks, and turning red and green lights on his girdle of foam.

But a French watering-place has this advantage over an English, that its frequenters can both admire the beauties of nature and recruit their strength by a course of daily pickling, without any temporary loss of "small pleasures." The Parisian brings with him, as it were, a miniature Paris. He is as near his café and his billiards as he would be upon the Boulevards. Something like the concentrated essence of the amusements of the capital is to be found at every French watering-place, however small. The institution known indifferently as "Etablissement" or "Casino" is a triumph of successful organization. The object is truly catholic—



to minister to the enjoyment of man, woman, and child. The juvenile department includes a gymnastic apparatus, where black-eyed little boys with pagan names, as Achilles or Olympe, climb and swing and chatter like monkeys. The grown-up children find other games. There is one in particular, called the "Dutch Top," which closely resembles our own time-hallowed game of nine-pins, and which seems to have a special attraction for the middle-aged of both sexes. The adult subscriber reads his paper, and whiles away the hours with cards and dominoes, or lounges on the terrace, smoking a cigar and sipping a "consommation," chatting to old friends and making new ones. The women bring their work and knitting, and talk and stitch, and stitch and talk. Nor does the paternal administration which regulates the affairs of the Casino stop here in its beneficent action. The pleasures of the song and the dance are invoked to lend their aid in amusing visitors. There is a constant succession of concerts and balls. If Levassor be within reach, he comes to make his audience laugh as only he and John Parry can. The Casino, in short, is a sort of common drawing-room where every one meets for purposes of social enjoyment. If it is opposed to the isolation which Englishmen consider liberty, it thoroughly expresses a Frenchman's notion of equality and fraternity.

Our lively neighbours must have their summer theatre also. To go two months without a vaudeville would be an insufferable privation. Accordingly, at whatever point on the coast a Frenchman alights for his vacation, he finds a theatrical company, which, if it falls short of the Parisian standard, is immeasurably better than anything on a corresponding scale in England. One cannot attend a country theatre in France without being struck by the evidence it affords that the love of the drama penetrates all classes of the community. The playhouse, like the church, is an institution of a truly national stamp, and numbers among its patrons persons of every age, rank, and position. The jokes are not more relished by the well-dressed ladies in front than by their *bonnes* at the back. The grey-headed *négociant* laughs as heartily as the young artist or collegian out for a spree. The audience is at no pains to conceal its opinion, either about the piece or the actors. Indeed, the latter may often be said to go through their duties under a running fire of good-humoured chaff, which, to do them justice, they seem rather to enjoy. Heroic sentiments are greeted with a shout of applause, sometimes genuine and sometimes ironical; and whenever a popular air or *refrain* occurs, the audience takes it up and turns the solo or duet into a chorus. The management shows its good sense by attempting nothing on a grand scale, but confining its efforts to the production of "little comedies" and one-act vaudevilles. As a specimen of the bill of fare with which the theatrical palate is regaled, we may briefly describe a delicious little work which we chanced lately to see represented at a Norman watering-place. It was entitled *La Ferme de Primrose*, a name which recalled associations dear to the ear of Cockaigne. If any doubts were suggested, by the Arcadian character of the piece, whether the scene was intended to be laid near the famous elevation which dominates the Regent's Park, they were at once dispelled by the proximity to the Thames assumed throughout by the author. Whether as a picture of English manners towards the beginning of the century, or as an episode in the history of that period, *La Ferme* is equally remarkable. The story opens at that memorable crisis in English history when George, Prince of Wales, after being twice refused the Regency, was making, through his friends in the Lower House, a third attempt to obtain the supreme power. By his low habits, and notably by his connexion with boxers, he had bitterly offended the aristocracy; and the Bill to invest him with the Regency was consequently fiercely opposed by the House of Lords. With a view to intimidate the nobility, a grand manifestation was prepared by the populace, to the effect of which the Farmer of Primrose Hill largely contributed by appearing at the head of his numerous labourers and the whole parish of Primrose. James, the farmer, has a cousin and *protégée*, Mary, who shows her gratitude for favours received by living as his housekeeper, with a noble disregard of her own reputation. James loves Mary, and Mary loves James, but neither of them knows the other's sentiments until a discovery is precipitated by the following circumstance. The beauty of Mary attracts the lawless regards of Prince George, who, under the disguise of a butcher, "*un des plus riches bouchers du Sussex*," called indifferently "*Sir Georges*" and "*Milord*"—obtains access to the happy homestead on Primrose Hill. Here, however, he is withstood, and his nefarious designs ultimately foiled, by "*Sir Roberts*," an Anglican vicar, who recognises the Prince in spite of his disguise, and eventually succeeds in clearing up all misunderstandings between the rustic pair. Mary refusing to elope, the Prince-butcher determines to make a merit of necessity. He joins the hands of the lovers, utters a great deal of maudlin sentiment, and last, not least, then and there bestows on Sir Roberts, with a princely indifference to *coups d'éclat*, the Bishopric of Brighton, with 2,000*l.* a year. While "*le reverend*" is still vainly attempting to express his gratitude, the shouts of the crowd outside are heard, saluting the Prince as Regent of England, and the curtain falls to the tune of "*Rule Britannia*." It would be vain to attempt to quote all the racy *morceaux* which occur in the dialogue. A few must suffice. We learn that pudding and gin are the normal food of the British farmer; that he regards it as a bad omen to see a white cow on awaking; that he is addicted on very slight provocation to jump up and dance a reel, for which purpose he has a bag-pipes always at hand. For another trait of his character we were

even less prepared. He has, or rather had fifty years ago, a strange propensity to go off quite promiscuously to hear sermons, which evidently compete with gin as a tonic for the inner man. When James is out of humour at the probable loss of Mary, he ends a long lament with the following climax of gloom:—"Le dimanche je me lirai la Bible à moi tout seul—ça m'amusera." It would be difficult to say to what party in the English Church "*Sir Roberts*" belonged. But as a preacher he was evidently a master of the rousing style, for upon one occasion, having alluded figuratively in the pulpit to the possibility of "*Sir Georges*" carrying off Mary, he sent poor simple James flying back to the farm with a pitchfork, to save his flock from an imaginary wolf. The frame of mind in which an Anglican vicar and his congregation go to service will hardly be thought devotional when they *exult*, on hearing the sacred bell, to a lively little air from the *Pré aux Clercs*:—

On nous appelle,  
Voici l'instant,  
A la chapelle,  
Chacun se rend.

Finally, Nemesis may indeed be said to have overtaken the First Gentleman in Europe, when he is made to describe himself in the following terms:—"Un prince qui s'encanaillie, qui court les tavernes, boit comme un matelot et boxe comme un cocher."

#### OATHS.

THAT an oath is lawful, and in some cases needful, is part of the creed of the Church of England, as it has been part of the creed of nearly every nation in every age. That every oath is a witness to the frailty of human nature, as implying that men will not speak the truth without some special compulsion, proves nothing against the practice. All polity, ecclesiastical and civil, goes on the same assumption of human imperfection. If everybody always did just what he ought to do, the functions alike of the priest and of the magistrate would at once come to an end. If judicial swearing is in no way wrong in itself, and is likely to tend to the discovery of truth, no valid objection in theory can be urged to the universal custom of making a witness tell his tale under some sort of religious sanction. On the other hand, the use of judicial oaths is surrounded by several difficulties which are perhaps not apparent at first sight.

An oath, in most of its forms, is strictly a curse. It is a prayer that "God will help" the person swearing on condition of his speaking the truth. This is equivalent to a prayer that he may be deprived of the Divine help if he speaks falsely. This imprecatory sense lurks even in the brief and elliptical form of oath which we employ, and it comes out much more strongly in some other forms of swearing. Without this imprecatory sense the full force of the oath hardly comes out. An oath by a deity or a sacred object is almost meaningless unless it implies the power and will of such deity or sacred object to punish the false-swearer. Such punishment need not be punishment in another world, though the practice of our Courts seems to imply it by refusing the testimony of those who do not believe in future rewards and punishments. But, in any case, the oath is a prayer that the swearer's welfare, whether in this world or in another, may be in proportion to the truth of his testimony. A curse, then, is expressed or implied in every oath, and a curse is not a trifling matter.

It is clear that an oath is needed only in the case of a certain class of men—namely, the intermediate class between the very good and the very bad. It is useless to swear a thoroughly good man, because he will speak the truth just as much without an oath as with it. It is equally useless to swear a thoroughly bad man, because, if it suits his interest to speak falsely, he will speak falsely, whether he be on his oath or not. The practice of requiring oaths goes on the assumption—an undoubtedly true assumption—that there is a large intermediate class, a class who would not scruple to tell a lie on ordinary occasions, but who are afraid to encounter the special terrors of an oath. The use of oaths is simply to extort truth from what is really the superstition of men of this sort. A man who does not shrink from the moral guilt of falsehood often does shrink from the vague and frightful notion of making himself personal enemies in the invisible world. A man who forswears himself by any god or saint deems himself liable to be pursued by the personal vengeance of the god or saint whom he thus insults, and this personal vengeance he dreads far more than the general Providence which rewards the good and punishes the evil. Under a purer religious system, this extreme form of superstition can hardly arise; still the whole virtue of the oath is that it puts a man under some special and personal obligation to his Creator to do an act which the common laws of religion and morality are held to be too weak to compel him to do. No doubt the class of people who need to be thus frightened into speaking the truth is a very large one; and, while it is a very large one, the truth must be got out of them by the only means by which it can be got out of them.

This plain argument seems fully to justify the retention of judicial oaths, but it cannot be denied that their use carries some serious inconveniences along with it. Oaths are really useful with only one class of persons, but, as that class of persons cannot be always defined or recognised, oaths, if required at all, must be indiscriminately required of every one. That is to say, the virtuous man, who would speak the truth just as much without being sworn, is obliged to go through a ceremony which implies a

distrust of his truthfulness. On the other hand, the wicked man, who will lie in any case, and the timorous man, who will not lie in every case, but who may lie to avoid some consequence to himself or his friend, are driven to add to their lying the further guilt of perjury. Undoubtedly we cannot legislate for this last class; their sin is clearly on their own heads. But it may be worth a thought whether there is not a class of weak, well-intentioned persons who are really less likely to speak the truth when sworn than when unsworn. These are mainly the same class of people who are frightened by publicity in any form, and whose conscientious desire to speak the truth is, in fact, the main hindrance to their speaking it. An oath, with all its religious terrors, will make such people still more confused and flustered. Their honest anxiety to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, their vague fear of something awful happening to them if their evidence should deviate at all from perfect accuracy, may well be the very thing to lead them into the danger from which they are trying to escape. And again, the exclusion of all evidence not given on oath is likely often to exclude some of the most trustworthy evidence. A man who conscientiously refuses to give evidence on oath is probably a man whose evidence could be most thoroughly relied on, if it could be taken. Some particular sects, whose religious scruple on the point is universally understood, are privileged to give evidence in their own fashion. But take the case of Quakers before they obtained their exemption. It is evident that an honest Quaker who would suffer anything rather than take an oath was a man whose word was worth much more than that of a weak or dishonest Quaker who let himself be threatened into swearing. Very lately the case has been raised of men who have no religious belief at all. If a man professes any sort of religion, however false and absurd we may deem that religion, we allow him to be sworn according to the fashion of his own creed. We take the oath of the votaries of Buddha, of Mahomet, or of Mumbo-Jumbo; but the man, however virtuous his life, who does not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, is shut out altogether. Yet surely it is a great injustice to suppose that, because a man is so unhappy as not to acknowledge the existence or providence of a Deity, he is therefore careless of all moral laws, and that his evidence cannot safely be taken. With a coarse, blaspheming Atheist such probably would be the case; but it is easy to conceive the case of a man who, as a matter of fact, does not believe, but who possibly regrets that he cannot believe, and who at any rate recognises all the common obligations of morality. Such a man will not ostentatiously trumpet forth his infidelity to the world; but, if directly required to take an oath, he will refuse to swear by that in which he does not believe. The refusal, made in this way, is a proof of his sincerity, and shows that his evidence is worth having. A less sincere and scrupulous unbeliever would take the oath, and perhaps lie after he had taken it. Here, then, are some manifest objections to the system of judicial oaths. It is, however, probable that they are of little weight against the arguments the other way, because the different classes which we have gone through are small compared with the numerous class whom the oath, and the oath alone, frightens into truth-telling. If any subtle legislation can draw the line finely enough to relieve any on whom the present system presses hardly, it will be a gain; but their cases must be treated as exceptions. While human nature is such as it is, the oath must be retained for the benefit of those who are neither good enough nor wicked enough to do without it.

At the same time, something might surely be done to improve the way in which oaths are commonly administered. As it is, the process at once checks reverence and encourages superstition. The witness says nothing himself; he is only adjured by another. And that other, in nearly all Courts, is not the presiding magistrate, but some inferior officer. A form of words repeated by the witness, or an answer made to an adjuration from the judge himself, would surely carry far more weight. The clerk or other officer gabbles over the form, as anything which has to be so often repeated is sure to be gabbled over. The formula, solemn in itself, thus becomes a sort of mere charm. Meanwhile, the dumb-show of the witness has to be gone through according to a most rigid ceremonial. The book—such a book as it generally is—must be taken with the right hand, the glove must be off, the book must be kissed, neither before nor after the proper moment. The thing looks like a sort of magical rite, deriving its virtue, not from the appeal to the Almighty—which, in its antiquated and elliptical form, is perhaps hardly understood—but from the *opus operatum* of holding and kissing a book in a particular way. It appeals to a superstition, and that a low superstition, approaching to fetish-worship. And, like all superstitions, it leads the mind which rejects the superstition to cast away with it the wholesome restraint which the superstition disfigures. One can quite understand the Scot who swore to a fact in the English fashion, but refused to swear to the same fact in the more solemn fashion of his own country. “Dinna ye ken that there’s muckle odds betwixt blawing on a buik and damming one’s ain sawl?” The man was in exactly the case in which an oath is useful; he did not shrink from lying, but he did shrink from perjury. But the English oath seemed to him no oath at all; “blawing on a buik” was to him a dark and dumb ceremony, which affected his conscience no more than a simple affirmation. The imprecation darkly expressed by the mouth of another had no meaning for him, but from the direct imprecation spoken by his own mouth he drew back.

Judicial and promissory oaths seem to stand on quite different grounds. The judicial oath is indeed, in form, promissory; the

witness promises, or is adjured, to speak the truth. But he has to act upon that promise at once, and in a definite way. A vague promise, under the sanction of an oath, to be faithful to such a form of government, to discharge the duties of such an office, not to use one’s influence in this or that way, is quite another sort of thing. To take such an oath with the intention of breaking it is doubtless perjury of the worst kind. But in most cases, when the oath is broken, it is not broken at the time when it is taken, but afterwards, under the influence of some special temptation, or perhaps of mere thoughtless forgetfulness. It may be doubted whether this sort of oath is of any use at all. That is, it may be doubted whether any man ever discharged his official duty because he had taken an oath who would not have discharged it equally well if he had not taken an oath. The oath may easily keep out a conscientious man in the first instance, or it may be a perpetual snare to his conscience ever after. But the careless man or the dishonest man takes the oath without scruple, and forgets or disregards it afterwards. It is not found, in days of revolution, that oaths of allegiance hinder men from upsetting the governments to which they have sworn; but it is found that such an oath is very often a stumbling-block to the conscience, and debars the country from the services of an honest man. A dull, well-intentioned King may hamper the whole policy of the country by a mistaken interpretation of a coronation oath. But it never was known that a man who had once made up his mind to make himself tyrant was kept back from doing so by having to swear to a dozen Kings or Republics, one after another. The worst sort of promissory oath is, doubtless, that in which the oath cannot be literally carried out, as the old oaths to unlimited obedience to College statutes. The oath was not kept; nobody expected it to be kept. It would be unjust to blame this or that man for this or that breach of it; but the thing was thoroughly bad in itself. An oath which has to be reconciled to the conscience by some sophistical interpretation diminishes the feeling of reverence, not only for oaths, but for truth in general. We may be sure that this sort of oath never kept out or influenced an unconscientious man, while it undoubtedly sometimes kept out, and often deeply pained, men whose consciences were offended at even a formal tampering with the law of truth.

Affirmatory oaths on admission to offices are mixed up with the general question of tests and qualification. The question whether this or that test should be applied comes first; the question then follows, whether the test shall take the form of an oath, or of a simple affirmation or subscription. In some of the most solemn cases there is no oath; and it is worth noticing, that the most solemn and important of all contracts, that of marriage, does not take the form of an oath. On the other hand, it might be difficult to give any good reason why, in certain corporations, the chief magistrate should swear to put down forestallers and regraters, now that the law no longer looks on them with an evil eye; why a newly made justice of the peace should swear to the value of his estate, which one would think might be found out under some less solemn sanction; or, most wonderful of all, why a newly made rector should swear not to use his official influence to disturb the clergy of the Church of England in their rights and properties.

#### WITCHCRAFT IN ESSEX.

THERE is really nothing extraordinary in the discovery that a solid belief in witchcraft exists in the most Beotian county of England. We are not going to preach a sermon on the vanity of the optimist views of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. When Bishops (of course only for fashion’s sake) countenance, at least by their presence, the exhibition of Zadkiel’s Crystal Sphere, and when Mr. Home’s powers of hanging suspended in air are believed in by people who can write books and find publishers and readers for them, in these days of spirit-rapping and the *Spiritual Magazine*, it is no wonder at all that the Essex villagers believe in a wizard’s pretensions, or that, according to the ordinary laws of social economy, a supply of witchcraft answers the demands for necromancy. Indeed, so far has this apparent necessity of the case forced itself upon one of our contemporaries, that, in discussing the murder of the old French wizard who honoured Sible Hedingham with his presence, something like an apology is tendered for his homicide at the hands of the villagers. As a fact, the argument seems to run, people do believe in supernatural powers. They are convinced that, somehow or other, certain persons have the power of inflicting diseases. With this belief more or less possessing itself of the public mind, there will always be those who claim, and perhaps not always with conscious deceit claim, supernatural powers. The popular belief necessitates the claimants. The need of a spiritual agent produces the spiritual agent. The effects expected to be produced are produced. Looking for supernatural events, we cause them. If a man expects to be bewitched, for all practical purposes he is bewitched. Fever, and wasting, and atrophy, and chronic pains, and ghastly twitches and aches being the recognised results of being bewitched, they come as a matter of course as soon as a person believes in witchcraft and recognises the wizard’s curse. The conclusion is plain. If a man believes in all this, and actually experiences the results of the supposed spell, he is perfectly justified in forcing the wizard to untie the fatal knot. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and Emma Smith was



as plainly justified in swimming "Dummy" the Frenchman, and in swimming him to death, as the devotees of old were justified in forcing the Pythoness on her tripod. If all parties were sincere—"Dummy" in his pretensions to the black art, and his persecutors in their belief that he had the supernatural power, and exercised it—if he believed that he could cast a spell, and if the spell-bound actually felt all the intended and premeditated consequences of the spell, even though there was, in fact, no compact with the devil in the case, and the whole was the result of delusion and the power of imagination both on the part of the wizard and his victim—still it is but a natural and justifiable instinct of the person wronged to wreak summary vengeance on the intentional author of his wrongs. This, though not expressed so plainly, is the gist of the argument in the *Times*; and the Essex magistrates, by holding one of the nameless Frenchman's assailants to bail, and by intimating their willingness to have accepted bail for Emma Smith, seem to have felt that the wretched wizard's violent death was only an excusable and natural result of his charms. The charge of murder does not seem to have been even seriously preferred.

If all this is to be accepted, we must say that another step is necessary. Let us admit that the Frenchman intended to bewitch and inflict bodily evil on Emma Smith, and that she believed in his diabolic powers, and actually experienced all the terrible results of the charm. We go on to say that, if people get into this state of mind, an example of hanging would be the very best cure for such a popular delusion. No doubt Emma Smith and the villagers generally had got into a very non-natural state of mind. Perhaps, very conscientiously and honestly, but still in a way most dangerous to society, they had got so far mazed and maddened that they could not perceive that beating and drowning a man of eighty years of age could have any possible tendency to cause his death. Emma Smith beats an old man on the head and shoulders, but "would not hurt him on any account." She was in that abnormal and terrified state that she failed to perceive that a stick could inflict injury. She kicked him, but then "her boots were thin and soft;" and in her mind, perhaps, pounding and kicking a wise man are acts of gentle violence necessary to force the magic virtue out of him. And so it was with Stammers. Keeping a man in the water for a quarter of an hour, and filling his throat with sludge and mud, according to the witnesses, "did not hurt the old man." So knocking him about in the tap-room, "twisting him about," throwing him down, hustling and tumbling over him, according to the Sible Hedingham notion, could not hurt the man, for the very apposite reason "that he saw a good deal of company"—of spirits and devils, we suppose—"and perhaps he might have liked it." There is no accounting for a wizard's tastes. We do not question the sincerity of the population of Sible Hedingham in their estimate of witch-nature. They may honestly believe that blows do not kill, and that water does not drown, one who has sold his soul to Satan. The impression seems to have been general, for, of a crowd of fifty or sixty persons, there was not one who appears to have been aware of the nature of bludgeons or of a mill-stream. Indeed, the only effect on the bystanders of the assault of Emma Smith on the poor deaf and dumb cripple of eighty was, that at least one of them, as he owns, "burst out laughing as hard as ever he did in his life" when the victim was struck. Very possibly there was in all this but a reminiscence of the old traditional belief that witches and wizards are, by the dreadful soul-pact, endowed with a charmed life. They are invulnerable to all ordinary weapons, and nothing but running water can dissolve their immunity from all bodily assault. And there was certainly everything in the wretched foreigner's antecedents to invest him with all the ordinary attributes of gramarye. He was possessed with a deaf and dumb spirit, and he was a foreigner, appearing mysteriously in the Essex flats, and only communicating with the world by gibbering and fantastic elish gestures, with no visible means of life, dwelling not in the toms but in a solitary hut. It is hardly to be wondered at that a connexion with evil spirits was attributed to one who had no share or sympathy with the world's ordinary life. Cagliostro or the Wandering Jew could not have presented a more complete and imposing aspect of the wonderful. Whether the wretched "Dummy" in the first instance claimed, or only received, the reputation of possessing unhallowed powers, is of course immaterial. All we have to say is, that the good faith which we concede both to the sorcerer and to those who believed in his powers wants some very practical corrective. The Essex people, and the British mind generally, require to be even roughly disillusionized. There is not the remotest chance of Emma Smith or Stammers being hung for murdering "Dummy;" but we should have no objection, on the next witch-ordeal which results in death, if capital punishment were the end of it. It would perhaps stop the race of charmers and diviners, and also of those who consult them, if it were known that the wise man stands a very good chance of being beaten to death, and that his victims and murderers may reasonably reckon on the gallows.

At the same time, while we can hardly commiserate the fate which befell "Dummy," we must say that the whole narrative displays a very strange view of our social state. There is no reason to doubt Emma Smith's story. Most likely the man did threaten her because she wished to abridge the hospitality which, in the first instance instigated perhaps by fear, she

gave him. Nor are we prepared to say that the actual effects of illness did not follow the old man's curse. But it does seem a passing strange thing that there was nobody to enlighten Emma Smith, and that there was nobody in the neighbourhood to abate the public nuisance which this old wretch must have been. Far from it. Instead of applying to the magistrates to commit him as a rogue and vagabond, instead of setting in motion either the Vagrant Act or the Poor Law Act, the whole neighbourhood seems to have accepted him as a legitimate Essex institution. His fame must have spread beyond the calf-producing flats of Sible Hedingham. His sorcery at least found him the means of life, such as it was; and he even hoarded out of the profits of the black art. Not only the simple rustics, but others seem to have consulted the wise man. His existence and pretensions ought to have been known, and put down, where magistrates, clergy, schools, and a rural police are not altogether unknown. But Emma Smith seems to have had no one to advise her to go to the Petty Sessions and "swear the peace" against her enemy. Everybody appears to have accepted the whole transaction as a matter of course. The wizard having the power to ban, the victim had nothing to do but to pine away, or to compel him, by foul means or fair, to break the spell. Even now the people at Sible Hedingham seem to be so powerfully impressed with awe that they dread even some more frightful malediction from the dead. It was with the utmost reluctance that Emma Smith gave her evidence, and she delivered it evidently under the influence of the outstanding curse. And yet, perhaps, we have no right to complain. A belief in sorcery and witchcraft is at least venerable from its antiquity. It was not so long since even our most learned King, and many other men of thought and understanding, believed in what was a belief common to all time and all people. Now, this particular form of superstition is held only by the vulgar; or, if held by others, it is concealed as a discreditable weakness. But the "Spiritualism" of the day is even more irrational, quite as stupid and vulgar, and quite as dangerous to body and soul. Nevertheless, its adepts and professors are to be found in the very best of society. It has a literature and organs. The "Dummy" of "Spiritualism" is to be found in kings' palaces, and yet he is neither more nor less sincere—neither more nor less a social nuisance—than the wretched victim of the Sible Hedingham mob.

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA.

ALTHOUGH no Federal General has as yet shown the qualities of a really first-rate man, yet the armies of the Northern States are at the present time commanded by leaders of fair abilities; and both the tone of their despatches and the methodical manner in which the operations of the several campaigns are conducted prove that the Federal officers are of a different stamp from some who held high appointments in the earlier stages of the war. The movements of the several armies employed in the invasion of the South are slow, and apparently evince none of the qualities which characterize high genius on the part of the Generals, or *élan* on that of the troops. But steadily, and with a striking fixity of purpose, the work proceeds; step by step the invaders are advancing into Southern territory, and the present aspect of the war foreshadows an important crisis about to take place. With General Lee, in Virginia, rests the task of compensating for the recent disasters which have befallen the Confederate arms. The North, in the midst of its successes, is aware of this; and if the detailed account of the strength of the army of Virginia which has been recently published by the Northern press, and which is elaborately and apparently accurately drawn up, is correct, there can be no doubt that General Lee commands a force well qualified to perform important work. No time has been lost and no efforts spared to reorganize and recruit the army since the reverse of Gettysburg. The infantry regiments have been filled up to their quota, varying from six to seven hundred men, and particular attention has been paid to the two other branches of the service. Both the cavalry and artillery have been augmented in numbers and increased in efficiency. The army under General Lee is divided into three corps, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Generals Ewell, Longstreet, and A. P. Hill. Each corps is divided into three divisions, allotted to each of which is a proper proportion of artillery; whilst the cavalry, commanded by General Stuart—under whom are the three Generals, Fitzhugh Lee, Robinson, and Jones—are partially apportioned out for the purpose of performing picquet duty, the main body being apparently massed in the Shenandoah Valley. The whole numerical strength of the army is reckoned as 112,452 men, divided as follows:—Infantry, in nine divisions, 88,572; cavalry, fifteen squadrons, 18,000; artillery, 294 guns, 5,880. This army is not composed of hastily-raised conscripts, but of men who have fought through several campaigns, and it is commanded by officers who have gained their advancement by qualities shown in the field. In the Italian campaign of '48 and '49, when the Austrian Empire appeared shaken to its foundation, Marshal Radetzki is said to have declared that the Empire existed in his army; and perhaps the same may be now said of the great army of the Southern Confederacy. At present, General Lee's army occupies a wide tract of country, extending from the Blue Ridge Mountains to Port Royal on the lower Rappahannock. General Ewell commands the left, on the Blue Ridge; General A. P. Hill the centre, on the railway from Culpepper to Orange Court House;

General Longstreet the right, on the Richmond and Fredericksburgh railway. Detachments of the latter corps approach the right bank of the lower Potomac, partly for the purpose of facilitating the trade with Maryland, and even, it is said, with a view to re-establish the blockade of the river by the erection of batteries. Rumour points to the lower Potomac as the place on which General Lee will direct his expected advance; but whether any reliance can be placed on this assertion, events will prove. General Meade's army still retains its advanced position near Warrington. The Federal Government has shown considerable energy in reconstructing and increasing the railway communications which carry reinforcements to Washington. The Baltimore and Ohio line is again in working order, and a second line has been laid down between Washington and Baltimore. Conscripts are forwarded to General Meade's army as quickly as they can be collected; and the North may find a counterpart, in the numerous executions for desertion in that army, to what is alleged to be the case in the force under the Confederate General Bragg.

It is not, however, on Virginia that the interest of the North is concentrated. The siege of Charleston, and the campaign of General Rosencranz in Tennessee, excite more attention. The former is advancing slowly, and two of the outworks have fallen, after a gallant and prolonged defence, especially in the case of Fort Wagner. On the 5th of September, the bombardment both by land and sea recommenced with increased vigour; the parallels had been already pushed close up to the work, even to the edge of the ditch—so close, in fact, as to allow of the use of hand-grenades. On the night of the 5th, an attempt was made to capture Fort Gregg on Cumming's Point, and so cut off the communication of Fort Wagner with the defences in its rear. The attack, however, proved unsuccessful, and the Federals were repulsed. On the night of the 6th, General Beauregard, finding the position of Forts Wagner and Gregg untenable, evacuated both places, and accomplished the withdrawal of their garrisons and stores with little loss. This was no slight achievement, as the approaches to these works were commanded by the Federal guns, and the proximity of the lines of the attacking party necessitated the greatest secrecy on the part of the defenders in conducting the necessary operations for the removal of the garrison and the stores. General Gilmore appears to have lost no time in availing himself of the withdrawal of the Confederates from Morris Island; for he at once pushed forward his works, and began to erect batteries one mile nearer Charleston, probably on Cumming's Point. The batteries, up to the date of the news last received, had not opened fire. They will be within 900 yards of Fort Sumter, already almost destroyed by the fire of the Monitors. On the night of the 8th, an attempt was made to capture and occupy that fort, but the Federals were repulsed with some loss, including that of seven naval officers taken prisoners. Indeed, it is striking to see how completely the success of the Federals appears to be owing to their superior mechanical contrivances; for whenever they have been brought face to face with Confederate troops they have usually been repulsed. The attention of the Monitors since the fall of Fort Wagner has been fixed on Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island, where the small town of Moultrieville has been burned. If the destruction of these forts and batteries is necessary before the iron-clad vessels can enter the harbour, the siege may be continued for a considerable time. They are reported to be stronger than Fort Wagner, and, in order to take that fort, the whole military as well as naval force of the Federals was required. If he is to employ his troops in the attack of Fort Moultrie, General Gilmore will be obliged to divide his force, and to land a portion of it on Sullivan's Island, and it is doubtful whether he is in sufficient numerical strength to conduct operations against two points at the same time, separated as they are by a wide expanse of water. He can, indeed, continue to shell the town of Charleston from a distance—a proceeding which will cause much individual suffering and loss of property; but, if the inhabitants are in earnest in their professions, it will in no way involve the reduction of the defences. In order, in some degree, to retaliate on the Federals, the Confederate Government has removed a large number of prisoners from Richmond to Charleston, a great proportion of whom are officers. As it was discovered that the percussion fuzes were unserviceable, owing to the shape and manner of flight of the elongated projectiles used for the Parrott guns, time fuzes have been substituted, with what result remains to be seen. At the siege of York Town, time fuzes were used for the same description of gun, but so inefficient was the fire, owing to the shells bursting either too soon or too late, that percussion fuzes on Schenkel's principle were substituted. The Confederate papers continue to express sanguine hopes of the prolongation of the defence, and the analogy of former great sieges affords some support to this expectation. In the mean time, there appears to be some ill-feeling on the part of the Federal land forces against the navy, which is accused of want of energy—a result, perhaps, of the ill-health of its commander, Admiral Dahlgren.

Whilst the capital of South Carolina is suffering from a bombardment, the miseries of war are approaching the neighbouring State of Georgia. There appears to be no doubt that Chattanooga has been occupied by General Rosencranz, and it seems probable that a junction has also been effected between the army under his command, which has advanced from Nashville and Tullahoma, and that which until lately General Burnside commanded, and which had moved in an almost parallel line from Cincinnati and Lexington. The army of Rosencranz, numbering

probably about fifty thousand men, is divided into four corps, and up to the middle of August it occupied the country between Winchester and M'Minville. On the 21st, the Tennessee River was reached, and General Rosencranz soon afterwards placed his head-quarters at Stevenson. At the same time he extended his left under General Crittenden, in order to effect a junction with Burnside in the neighbourhood of Kingston. This, however, was not accomplished until the 2nd of September; and in the meantime some anxiety was felt lest the Confederates should take advantage of the separation of the two armies and fall on each in detail, or especially on the weaker—viz. that of General Burnside. On the 29th, the army of General Rosencranz crossed the Tennessee River and advanced to within nine miles of Chattanooga; and on the 4th of September General Burnside entered Knoxville, having already turned that position by the occupation of Kingston. There is also an unofficial report that he has obtained possession of Cumberland Gap. The distance between Chattanooga and Kingston is about ninety miles. Opposed to General Rosencranz is the army formerly under the command of General Bragg, now under that of General Johnstone, consisting of only two corps—viz. that of the "Bishop" General Polk and General Hill's; whilst commanding the Confederate forces in the mountains between Tennessee and North Carolina, and opposed to Burnside, is General Buckner. The country round Chattanooga is very mountainous and difficult of access from the want of good roads. The Tennessee River is navigable for steamers for eight months out of the twelve, and for flat-bottomed vessels during the whole year. One cannot but contrast the almost uninterrupted retreat of the Confederates in Tennessee with the usually successful campaigns of their army in Virginia. Whether this is to be attributed to the superior military qualifications of the Federal Western troops over those from the Eastern States, or to the inefficiency of the Confederate commanders in Tennessee, must remain doubtful. The Federal operations in Arkansas appear to have been successful. Two expeditions have started from opposite points—the principal one operating up the White River from the Mississippi, whilst the second, under General Blunt, starting from the Upper Arkansas, has succeeded in capturing Fort Smith on that river. In consequence of the advance of these expeditions, the Confederates have evacuated Little Rock, and withdrawn to Fort Washington, forty miles distant, which they are now fortifying. From New Orleans, news reaches us that an expedition of 30,000 men has marched from that city, with the avowed object of engaging the Confederate force in Texas under the command of General Magruder—a force which is estimated, according to Federal accounts, at 18,000 men.

Such is a brief review of the position of the several armies engaged in what may be called the four great campaigns. Under their reverses, the Southern people are still hopeful. The total amount of their force under arms is reckoned at 300,000 men; and although they must be fully aware that the Northern Union can arm and organize far more numerous masses of troops, they probably calculate that their defensive position partially compensates for the difference in numerical strength, and that the necessity of guarding communications, and holding disaffected districts, will so far weaken the Federal armies as to render them little, if at all, superior to their own in the field.

#### THE CUP DAY AT DONCASTER.

DONCASTER has this year fully supported its reputation; for although, on two days of the meeting, the sport was only moderate, the racing on the Cup day was of the highest interest, and the St. Leger day maintained its character as the greatest, after the Derby, which the English turf knows. The question to be now debated in racing circles will be whether Lord Clifden or Macaroni is the better horse. There can be no doubt that they are the two best horses of their year, and the fact that they ran first and second in the Derby shows how accurate a test of merit that race affords. If a match were to be now made between them, it would be difficult to find an entirely satisfactory reason for laying 6 to 5 on either. But as they both ran in different races at Doncaster on the Cup day, and both beat everything opposed to them, materials exist for a comparison which may be interesting to follow out, although it can hardly lead to any very distinct conclusion. Lord Clifden, as well as Macaroni, had been entered for the Doncaster Cup, and it would doubtless have been highly gratifying to the public if the owner of the former had judged it expedient to bring the controversy as to the comparative merit of the two horses to an immediate decision upon the course at Doncaster. They would have carried equal penalties in the race for the Cup; but, while Macaroni was quite fresh, Lord Clifden could not be supposed to be so, however easily he may be thought to have won the St. Leger two days before. If these horses are to meet, it is much to be desired that they should meet on exactly equal terms, both as to weight and condition. There was another reason for withholding Lord Clifden from the Cup race—viz. that he was engaged in two three-year-old races on the same day; and, by relinquishing his chance of the Cup, he could probably make sure of whatever else his owner might choose to start him for.

After seeing the style in which Macaroni beat Carbineer at York, it could not be considered that there was much encouragement to start older horses against him at weight for age.



Accordingly, with the exception of Mr. Naylor's Drummer Boy, who only ran to serve Macaroni, all the horses which started for the Doncaster Cup were three-year-olds. The only competitor of Macaroni who could be regarded as at all dangerous was Queen Bertha, to whom he would have to give 7lbs. This was the amount of Macaroni's penalty for winning the Derby. Queen Bertha incurred 3lbs. penalty by running second for the St. Leger, which counterbalanced the allowance to her sex of the same amount. The other starters for the Cup were Golden Pledge, who was ridden hard for a place in the St. Leger; Blue Mantle, who is not likely under any circumstances to obtain much confidence; and Lord Glasgow's Rapid Rhone, who, being the best of his owner's team, did not happen to be entered for the St. Leger. Queen Bertha had been visible in the morning, taking her exercise under the personal supervision of her owner and John Scott, so that it was certain that Macaroni would find at least one staunch opponent. The race was virtually a match between the winners of the Derby and the Oaks, for Queen Bertha had beaten Golden Pledge and Blue Mantle in the St. Leger, and it might be safely assumed, from what took place at York, that she could beat Rapid Rhone. This calculation was exactly verified by the result. Golden Pledge took the lead at first, and there might, under other circumstances, have been some hope that he could have kept it. But if, as was said beforehand, Golden Pledge's best chance for the St. Leger would be in heavy ground, the meeting at Doncaster, where the course grew more dry and dusty every day, was unfavourable to the display of his peculiar power. When Golden Pledge could hold the first place no longer it was taken by Drummer Boy, who kept it until Challoner brought Macaroni to the front. It cost the favourite no effort to get rid of everything except Queen Bertha, who stuck to him as gamely as she did to Lord Clifden in the St. Leger. It cannot, however, be said that she ever looked like beating him. He won by upwards of a length, without the help of whip or spur, but not without doing as much voluntarily as could only be got out of many horses by severe punishment. No one who saw the attendants of Macaroni scraping the sweat off him after this race would deny that it took a great deal of winning. Queen Bertha, besides winning the Oaks, has gained the distinction of running a good second to both the first and the second horse in the Derby. Macaroni beat her by a greater distance than Lord Clifden did, but still he seemed to have more to do than Lord Clifden had to beat her. The fact that Macaroni gave her 7lbs., and Lord Clifden only 5lbs., is of no great importance, because, at the weight carried by three-year-olds for the Cup, half a stone more or less ought not to make much difference to first-class horses.

Lord Clifden's name stood in the list for the first race of the Cup day, the Don Stakes, and he was brought to the course for it, but did not start. The next race after the Cup was the Doncaster Stakes, for which Lord Clifden did start, so that, at the moment when Macaroni was being wiped down after his work, Lord Clifden was being prepared for his. On the opposite side of the road to the Grand Stand at Doncaster is a stable, having in rear of it a stubble-field, from which a path leads across other fields to the town. By this path horses may be brought from the stables adjoining the various inns to the scene of action, without passing along the crowded streets. The horses walk round and round in this stubble-field in their clothing until it is time to strip and saddle them, which is done either in the field or in the stable. After running, they return to the same field, and again walk round and round until they are sheeted, and hooded, and sent home. It is not often that two such horses as Macaroni and Lord Clifden may be deliberately inspected at almost the same moment. Of course, everything famous, or likely to become so, may be seen in the paddock at Epsom, but unfortunately everybody is there to see it. At Doncaster there are plenty of good horses, and on all days except one there is plenty of room to look at them. Behind the stable is Macaroni, surrounded by a little knot of friends. In him you see the beauty of action. The horse has worked hard, but willingly. His veins stand out, the sweat starts from him in great drops; and, as he has nothing on him but a bridle, you can observe how the spirit kindled by the contest seems to shine through every limb, and to give to his whole body a life which was wanting before the race. Inside the stable is Lord Clifden, displaying the beauty of repose. His toilet is complete, and his coat is as smooth and bright as the brown silk jacket of John Osborne, who at that moment springs into the saddle. One of these horses may be compared to a soldier on a field day, the other to a soldier after a hard-fought victory.

The principal opponent of Lord Clifden in the Doncaster Stakes was Borealis, who, for such a little creature, greatly distinguished herself during the meeting, and if she had attempted less could scarcely have missed success. Another competitor was National Guard, whose good looks have been the theme of praise ever since he started for the Derby. He was supposed to have done a great thing last autumn in running second to Hospodar for the Criterion Stakes, but, Hospodar's reputation having exploded, it became doubtful whether the great thing was not a small one. It was at one time said of National Guard that he was the best horse training in Yorkshire for the Derby. It must now suffice to say of him that he is very handsome. There were two other starters for this race who did little more than fill up the picture. Borealis went to the front at starting, while Lord Clifden took his favourite place in the rear. The little one retained the lead until the big one wanted it, and no longer. Lord Clifden came through, and showed in

front, very much as he did in the St. Leger. Borealis had as much pluck in her small person as animated Queen Bertha's grandly proportioned frame, but she might as well have raced against a steam-engine as against Lord Clifden. He beat Queen Bertha easily by half a length on Wednesday, and he beat Borealis very easily indeed by the same distance on Friday. Thus, the two fillies have been beaten by Lord Clifden and Macaroni, but they have beaten everything else. The little one looked remarkably well on Friday, after having shaken up Lord Clifden and galloped away from National Guard, a horse big enough to carry her. Lord Clifden carried 10lbs. penalty in this race, and Borealis had 4lbs. allowance, so that he gave her in all 14lbs., or twice as much as Macaroni gave Queen Bertha. Allowing that Queen Bertha is the best of the two fillies, as cannot be doubted after their running in the St. Leger, it is to be observed, on the other hand, that to add 10lbs. to 8st. 7lbs. is a very different thing from adding 7lbs. to 7st. After the weight of 9st. is reached, every pound added is felt by the strongest horse, whereas to Lord Clifden or Macaroni it would really matter very little whether they carried 7 or 7½st. The result seems to be that Lord Clifden's defeat of Borealis was a better performance than Macaroni's defeat of Queen Bertha, but the difference was so slight that it can hardly be relied on as showing any clear superiority in the St. Leger over the Derby winner. If the question between them should be brought to issue, there would be a race worth going a thousand miles to see. In default of sufficient material for judgment, it is always possible to bet under the influence of feeling, and doubtless both these famous horses possess admirers in adequate number to ensure very heavy sums being bet on a match between them. Lord Clifden is, perhaps, the more difficult horse to train, or at least he must be if there were any ground for supposing, from time to time, that he was likely to break down in his preparation for the St. Leger. As regards speed, it would be rash to give the preference to either, but certainly Lord Clifden in the St. Leger did something more than win it. The account given last week of his performance was within the mark. It seems to be generally agreed that at one time he was 100 yards in rear of the hindmost horse, and nearly double that distance behind the leader. He won the St. Leger in the style in which those who knew him had expected to see him win the Derby. On the other hand, it must be owned that Macaroni, when he is going, looks as if he could go for ever.

As Mr. Naylor made a match last year to run *Feu de Joie*, with whom he won the Oaks, against Lord Falmouth's *Hurricane*, who had been the favourite for that race, it may be supposed that Macaroni's owner would be willing to match him against Lord Clifden. Another match of almost equal interest might be made between Queen Bertha and *Isoline*, the winners of the Oaks and the Goodwood Cup. As Lord Falmouth has this year won the Oaks, it would be only fair if he gave Mr. Naylor his revenge for the defeat which *Isoline* suffered in that race.

Besides the races which brought out Macaroni and Lord Clifden, the programme of the Cup day included the Park Hill Stakes for three-year-old fillies, a race which sometimes excites interest hardly inferior to the St. Leger. Last year the finish between *Impératrice* and *Hurricane* was almost as well contested as that between *The Marquis* and *Buckstone*. But this year the Park Hill Stakes scarcely produced a race, as there was nothing fit to compete with *Fantail*, who carried them off. As the lot of fillies were saddling, a friend of Perren, John Scott's lieutenant, said to him—"Why, Jem, they've been and took the flower of the flock from you"—meaning, as is supposed, that *Fantail* is not now trained at *Whitewall*. This remark would have supplied, if necessary, a tolerably clear indication of what was likely to be the issue of the Park Hill Stakes. This was the concluding race of a most successful meeting. Compared with last year, there was only one thing wanting—viz. the Private Stand Plate, which was given last year, and produced a race which will be long remembered, between *Tim Whiffler* and *Asteroid*. It was no compensation for the loss of the chance of such a race as that to find that thirty horses would start for the Portland Plate on Thursday. Such a race as that for the Portland Plate is popular, because, when twenty or thirty horses are started to run rather more than half a mile, success depends very much on accident, and therefore every horse running has something like a chance. There ought to be some strong argument to be urged in favour of these short scrambles, for certainly the weariness which they cause to the spectators through the infinity of false starts occurring in them is almost intolerable. If a race of this kind were to be begun in Lord Clifden's style, it would be over before there was any chance of making up lost ground. In fact, the start is everything in these short races, and it is the anxiety of the jockeys to get well off that causes innumerable disappointments. During half an hour's fretting at the post some horses will take a good deal out of themselves, and perhaps will run half the length of the course several times. Thus an additional element of uncertainty is introduced into calculations of the result, and it is not in general a very hazardous experiment to lay considerable odds against any horse. These races suit the views of a large number of owners, and also, as may be supposed, of the Ring; and therefore they are likely to continue to occupy time which, as far as the spectators are concerned, might be more agreeably devoted to another class of sport.

An event occurred on Thursday which will largely influence calculations in reference to next year's Derby. It will be

remembered that on Tuesday the Champagne Stakes were won by Ely, who beat both Fille de l'Air and Linda. In the sweepstakes for two-year-olds, on Thursday, both Ely and Fille de l'Air were beaten easily by Coast Guard, who thus takes rank with Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris as being at this moment the most promising candidates for fame at Epsom. There was only one disappointment felt at Doncaster—viz. in the non-appearance of a two-year old who has been greatly talked about, Blair Athol. This colt, being the son of Blink Bonny by Stockwell, has certainly good enough blood to win the Derby; and as he is in the same stable with Caller Ou and Borealis, his education is not likely to be neglected.

#### MATHEWS NOT AT HOME.

A FRENCH actor who talks doubtful English on the London stage is with us no novelty. For many years Madame Celeste has ranked among the institutions of the capital; and when M. Fechter came among us to perform in dramas adapted from the French, nobody considered that there was anything extraordinary in the proceeding. It was not until he began to act Shakspeare that something like a national opposition became manifest, and even then the quasi-opposition was of so mild a character that it scarcely exceeded the limits of friendly counsel. A minority of critics argued that to the proper delivery of English poetry freedom from foreign accent was indispensable, and at last the public seemed to fall in with this opinion, for the enthusiasm which had been kindled by M. Fechter's Hamlet, and of which, no doubt, curiosity was a proximate cause, grew faint during his performance of Othello, and, when he essayed Iago, was utterly extinguished. But this quiet and gradual failure by no means injured the non-Shakspearian reputation of the actor. When he re-appeared at a theatre of his own, as the principal character in the *Duke's Motto*, everybody was prompt to acknowledge that he was a first-rate artist in "drame;" and he was assured, not only by praise but by the solidest of pudding, that as long as he remained melodramatic he would be popular. When Mdlle. Stella Colas made her *début* as Juliet, the Shakspearian question was revived anew, but the debate was even milder than in the early days of M. Fechter. Not only had the ice been broken, but a lady of considerable personal and artistic attractions was in the case, nor had the novelty of a French Juliet lost its bloom when the season came to a close.

The notion that a foreigner ought to be opposed because he attempts to play a part in an English farce or melodrama has never entered the mind of modern Londoners. The elocutionary part of the actor's art has been little regarded save in the isolated case of Shakspeare, and foreigners have the benefit of indolent toleration. As for the *Monte Christo* riot, that was a week's wonder, in the summer of 1843, which had nothing to do with the question. On that occasion the entire company of the Théâtre Historique had come to London with the intention of giving a series of performances in French, at Drury Lane; and John Bull—taking into consideration both the magnitude of the house and the national prestige which, in spite of the most adverse circumstances, always adheres to it—was determined to resist a formidable competition with the English managers. Had any one of the London lessees engaged M. Mélingue to play in an English version of M. Dumas's drama, and had M. Mélingue made himself just scholar enough to stumble through the dialogue without an actual break-down, not a murmur would have been heard on the subject.

But it is not quite the same in France. Mr. Charles Mathews has recently appeared at the Théâtre des Variétés, and though there is no doubt that he has attained a complete success, his victory over prejudice has not been of such a decided "Veni, vidi, vici" kind as to leave no room for a little hostile display of nationality. An encroachment on old usages could not have been more modestly made. Mr. Mathews is the actor, above all others, whom we in London consider to be formed on the French style. Many of his parts must involuntarily suggest a comparison with M. Levasseur; and he has the reputation of being so accomplished a practical linguist that he can talk, not only French, but most of the Italian dialects, with perfect fluency. His attempt was not made at the Théâtre Français, but at a house associated with the very lightest form of drama; nor did he meddle with any work of literary reputation. His piece, called *Un Anglais Timide*, is an adaptation of one of his own English farces; and, as if nervously anxious to avoid any censure that might be passed on his pronunciation, it was not a Frenchman, but a timid Englishman talking French, that he represented on the night of his *début*. Still, in spite of all these conciliatory circumstances, and in spite of talents which the French critics vie with each other in acknowledging, Mr. Mathews, as we have said, has not been able to gain his victory without a struggle which, slight and transient as it has been, can scarcely fail to excite astonishment in the English mind. Where is the *casus belli*, even if we accept "sham fight" as the equivalent for *bellum*?

The fact is, French nationality begins at a point where nothing in the shape of a sentiment reminds us Britons that we are a nation at all. When M. Fechter acts in Shakspeare's plays, we can with ease ask our fellow-countrymen if the language that has been spoken by a Garrick, a Kemble, and a Kean should be distorted by the accent of a foreigner, and we may be pretty sure that a handful of enthusiasts will reply with an indignant negative. In this case we take indubitably high ground, and our clap-trap is furnished with no ignoble bait. But if, abandoning the precincts of

high art, we began to ask if the walls that had echoed with the pleasantries of a Wright or a Toole ought to resound with French fun, we should immediately feel that we were making fools of ourselves, and were neither expressing a sentiment of our own nor appealing to the sentiments of our fellow-countrymen. Yet so it is not in France. There, the Théâtre des Variétés becomes a holy place, in the eyes of a certain party, as soon as an Englishman sets foot on its boards, and deceased actors of old farces are sacred personages whose manes may not lightly be offended. Speaking, not for himself, but in the name of this party, M. Jules Janin (of course in the *Débat*) asks Mr. Mathews:—

Qui donc êtes-vous, jeune homme (il a pourtant soixante ans, et il s'en vante!), qui venez rire au nez de ces bouffons qui ne sont plus. Odry le saltimbanque et Vernet le bonhomme? Ombres de Tiercelin et de Lassagne enlevé trop vite, que nous veut cet Anglais, nommé Charles Mathews?

All the critics, as we have stated, warmly espouse the cause of Mr. Charles Mathews, but all bear witness to the formidable character of the national party, and indeed the fact that he has been able to triumph over this party is one of the causes of their admiration. Awful is the picture of his difficulties drawn by M. Achille Dénois, of the *Ent' Acte*:—

Ce début ou, si l'on veut, cette exhibition d'un comédien anglais en plein théâtre des Variétés est certainement la chose la plus curieuse que l'on ait vue depuis longtemps. Beaucoup de gens n'étaient pas éloignés de déclarer à l'avance cette tentative téméraire et outrepassant—difficile pour le moins. En effet, le théâtre des Variétés est encore un de ceux où se sont conservées avec le plus de soin les traditions de la littérature légère et de la gaieté nationale. Le théâtre des Variétés est un théâtre éminemment "français." Il a un passé, il a un histoire, il a ses dieux qui s'appellent Potier, Brunet, Vernet et Odry. Odry, surtout, qui n'a jamais été bien compris qu'à Paris, et qui vit si souvent la province rester indifférente devant ses admirables bêtises. Pour ces acteurs merveilleux, pour ces comiques populaires, le théâtre des Variétés était la patrie. Tous les échos de la jolie salle du boulevard Montmartre retentissent encore de leurs éclats de rire, de leurs gros mots, de leurs calembours insensés. Jugez s'il a fallu de la hardiesse à M. Mathews pour venir, lui, Anglais, se présenter sur le terrain de ces grands hommes morts, et entrer en concurrence avec nos comiques vivants, lesquels en valent bien d'autres et manient aussi bien que personne la langue du vaudeville, pour se produire devant un public habitué à un certain vocabulaire, aux lazzi de Dupuis, aux calembredaines de Christian, aux naïvetés de Kopp, aux fantaisies si essentiellement parisiennes de Blondet. Mais pourtant, disons-le, l'esprit, la gaieté, la verve comique sont de tous les pays.

What a mountain of nationality are we obliged to climb before we come to this cosmopolitan gasp!

M. Théophile Gautier (now of the *Moniteur*) finds in the success of Mr. Mathews an important sign of the times. There was a bad old epoch when the appearance of English actors in Paris caused disorders which almost became *émeutes*, and when even the study of Shakspeare, Byron, and Walter Scott did not initiate the French into the English imagination (*ne nous avaient pas initiés à l'imagination Anglaise*); while, on the other hand, the English looked upon the French as a nation of barbers and dancing-masters, who ate nothing but frogs. Thanks to steam, which allows one to breakfast at Paris and dine at London, all this is changed. Mr. Macready and Miss Helen Faucit were received with enthusiasm at Paris, M. Fechter is applauded in London, and now a complete success has been attained by Mr. Charles Mathews—"un comique de premier ordre, très célèbre en Angleterre, auteur distingué et parfait gentleman."

M. Francisque Sarcey, of the *Temps*, is shocked at the bad manners of the national party, and tells them what good boys we all are in London:—

Les malcontents étaient dans leur coup sûr; mais il me semble qu'ils n'ont pas fait preuve de courtoisie internationale. Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on reçoit à Londres nos acteurs quand ils se donnent la peine d'apprendre l'anglais pour jouer devant un parterre anglais: on leur pardonne beaucoup par reconnaissance. Nous aurions pu rendre la pareille à l'un des leurs par simple politesse.

In estimating the artistic merits of Mr. Mathews, as to the extent of which there are not two opinions, most of the critics compare him to Arnal. The best bits of what we may call descriptive criticism are in the *Temps* and the *Figaro*. Thus says M. Sarcey:—

Mathews rappelle d'une façon bien singulière notre excellent Arnal. Il en a le visage comique, l'œil fin et malicieux, le naturel exquis. Il y joint ce qu'Arnal n'avait plus depuis longtemps, une vivacité d'allures qui est bien amusante. On dit que chez les Anglais tout comédien est doublé d'un clown. Mathews ne fait point mentir le proverbe.

Il a d'incroyables mouvements de cuisses, et des façons de croiser les jambes l'une sur l'autre, dont le comique est irrésistible. Point de charge avec cela; il s'arrête juste au point précis où il tomberait dans la caricature. On trouve en lui la mesure et le goût d'Arnal. C'est, par cet endroit au moins, un talent tout français. Je ne vois pas en ce moment sur les théâtres de genre, un seul de nos acteurs qui lui puisse être comparé.

Thus says M. Jouvin of the *Figaro*:—

Il a le bon goût, la finesse, la sobriété dans le comique. Sa bonne humeur a le sourire discret d'un homme d'esprit. Rien de forcé, rien même de trop accusé. Jamais il ne souligne ni une intention ni un trait; il indique, il glisse; il n'appuie point. Il suppose toujours aux spectateurs assez d'intelligence pour comprendre à demi-mot; tant pis pour ceux dont l'attention n'est pas à la réplique; il travaille pour les fins connaisseurs et ne tient point boutique de gros rire.

Not only is there no doubt of the success of Mr. C. Mathews, but all who are acquainted with our present histrionic force will at once perceive that, if any actor had a chance of succeeding on the French stage, he was the man. He has had to contend with difficulties to which there is no parallel in this country, and by the force of his talent alone he has fairly triumphed. But if it be proved that the national party was wrong in his particular case, let us not be too hasty in condemning the spirit of that party as



wholly contemptible—nay, let us be cosmopolitan enough to appreciate even an anti-cosmopolitan sentiment. The tolerant spirit of the English theatrical public is perhaps closely connected with a general indifference to the drama, save as a source of transient amusement; and the bigotry of the Frenchman, who fears lest a foreign pronunciation should intrude itself upon the boards of even his minor theatres, is perhaps too violently contrasted by the leniency of the Englishman, who will put up, not only with Gallic peculiarities, but with British ignorance in the delivery of stage-dialogue. The spirit of persecution, reprehensible as it may be, at least proves that a strong interest is taken in the matter about which persecution arises, and we may doubt whether the Reformed subjects of Philip II. would have been delighted if the sword of Alva had been exchanged for an edict proclaiming universal liberty of worship, on the express ground that every man had a right to talk his own nonsense. The French do, the English do not, regard the theatre as an eminently national institution, and hence the comparative liberality of the two nations in theatrical matters furnishes no test of their comparative liberality in general.

Mr. C. Mathews—now so well established at Paris that he is invited to fulfil a second engagement there after Christmas—has written a letter to one of the English papers, in which he ascribes the transient dissatisfaction of the public to the tediousness of some portions of his piece. It is very gracious of our lively comedian, who is likewise the author of the piece, to take all the blame upon his own shoulders—and assuredly some of the French critics complain of certain “longueurs;” but the general tone of the press too strongly testifies to the existence of a theatrical Anglophobia to allow us entirely to discredit its reality.

## REVIEWS.

### QUESTIONS DE RELIGION ET D'HISTOIRE.\*

M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE, the historian of the “Church and the Empire,” is one of that small body of Liberal Catholics who have a compact and intelligible theory of politics, and are sincerely anxious to see it applied in practice. He is a follower or associate of M. De Montalembert, and believes that a Free Church in a Free State is the great key to all the riddles of Continental Europe. He has at various times enforced this opinion through different channels, and he has lately collected together his essays in a permanent form. Everywhere in these pages we meet the mind of the best kind of Frenchman—sensible, just, reflective, but not heavy. M. De Broglie knows what he is writing about, has an intimate acquaintance with many parts of modern history, and always presents his subject in a light free from pretension and frivolity. His essays furnish much food for reflection, for they fairly raise the question whether the vision of a free Church is an idle dream or an anticipation of the future. He is careful to separate himself from all such writers as M. Veuillot, and from all such periodicals as the *Univers*. He is altogether opposed to the style of writing and thinking which used to find favour with the Catholic party in France a few years ago. He sets himself to correct the fundamental mistake which this party made. The extreme Catholics who were for some time the only exponents of Catholic interests in France boldly announced themselves to be the perpetual enemies of what are called modern ideas. They recognised that there were a set of principles or opinions known in France as the ideas of 1789, and they asserted that these principles were altogether wrong and wicked, and that the very reverse of each principle was that which the Church was bound to uphold. Equality, political liberty, the right of rising against tyranny, were so many suggestions of the Devil which all good Catholics hated and denounced. The irreligious press, as M. De Broglie terms all the papers not under Catholic inspiration, willingly accepted the challenge thus thrown out. The writers who did not love and believe in the teaching of the Church were very glad to find it conceded by their adversaries that the Church cursed, and bade the faithful fight against, ideas so precious to the modern Frenchman as equality and democracy. But, according to M. De Broglie, it was a wholly gratuitous error to concede anything of the sort. The Church has nothing to do with absolutism. It has no call to oppose democracy. It has, on the contrary, everything to gain from political liberty of the fullest kind. The Catholic journalists ought to have replied to their adversaries that they, too, were liberal and democratic, but that they were also religious; and this claim to superiority would, M. De Broglie thinks, have been allowed, and, its force having made itself felt, Liberal France would no longer be so alienated from Catholicism as it is.

It appears to us to be a very interesting inquiry, and one calculated to throw great light on European politics, whether M. De Broglie is wrong or right in this, and why. No one who goes carefully through the arguments which M. De Broglie uses, and who considers them impartially, can deny that there is much force in them. The Church, it is said, is opposed to equality. Why, replies M. De Broglie, should the Church trouble itself to oppose equality, when the greatest of all equalisers of human conditions has been the Church itself? It is the Church that has swept away the differences between the conqueror and the conquered, the master and the slave, the native and the alien; and if the

Church ever opposes equality, it is only a spurious equality that she disapproves of—the equality which attempts to deny the differences which God has created, and to ignore all those variations in human power and human wants which depend on sex, and on bodily or intellectual strength, and wealth and birth. The Church does no more than teach men to be satisfied with their stations. Nor is it true that the Church has any reason to be antagonistic to religious liberty. This is one of those principles which have gradually commended themselves to the modern world and gained acceptance in France. A good Catholic may quite recognise this. He will certainly not allow that, in the old days and in other countries, the efforts of the Church to produce an artificial unanimity of orthodoxy were at all wrong. It was an excellent thing, in those old days, that people should be protected from the miseries of error. But this is not a gain which people can have now, and the Catholic Church can do very well without attempting impossibilities. It must too, M. De Broglie remarks, be remembered that Catholics are in a minority in many countries—as, for example, in England; and it would be absurd to suppose that, when they petition for political liberties, they secretly know that they will use these liberties, if they can, as a means of acquiring a strength that shall ultimately enable them to tyrannize over the adherents of other religions. Lastly, the Church has nothing to do with the kingdoms of this world. It may link itself with monarchy or democracy, with republics, or military tyrannies, or constitutional governments. It is neutral to all, and has, in point of fact, gone on together with all. The barons who made King John sign Magna Charta were Catholics; so were the fiercest party leaders of the Italian Republics; so were the men who, before absolutism had its way on both sides of the Pyrenees, kept up municipal and local liberties in France and Spain. The Church has no reason to love absolute monarchy. In the old days, whenever an Emperor was strong, he at once set to bully the Pope. Louis XIV. insulted the Pope of his day in his own capital. Napoleon treated the best and meekest of men in a way which made all Europe cry shame. And at the present day, the Church has an especial reason for seeking to make friends with political liberty. Its greatest danger is, that in absolute governments it may be made utterly subservient to the secular power, and that its operations may be so crippled by police regulations and Ministerial decrees that it may be reduced to the position which the Eastern Church holds under the Czar. Political liberty is its best protection against this, and in return it can greatly help political liberty. For it alone can oppose a moral power over which brute strength cannot triumph, and it alone can raise men too high to bear that extinction of the mind and spirit at which absolutism must necessarily aim.

In theory, all this sounds very well, and it would be hard to say what Catholicism in Europe might be if we could look at it apart from facts. But it has got mixed up with persons and opinions adverse to equality and to religious and political liberty, and it is hard to see how it can disentangle itself. M. De Broglie himself, in one of his later essays, warmly defends the temporal power of the Pope. But in doing so, he is obliged to abandon the ground he occupied when he was explaining how the Church might be liberalized. It is possible to defend the maintenance of the temporal power on the ground that Catholicism ought not to be sacrificed to modern ideas, but it is quite impossible to defend it on the basis of these ideas. The temporal sovereignty is the abnegation of religious liberty, for it localizes truth and will not admit the proximity of error. It is wholly incompatible with political liberty, for it is a despotism dependent on a foreign soldiery. We cannot be surprised that M. De Broglie should support the temporal power, for he holds the opinion, strange in so zealous a believer, that were it not for the temporal power Catholicism would split into a number of national churches; but he is obliged to set out with this inconsistency in his attempt to reconcile the Church and modern society, and he cannot get rid of the encumbrances in which it involves him. Then, again, as a matter of fact, all the more fanatical Catholics of the Continent, with very few exceptions, are on the side of absolutism. Theoretically this may be a mistake, but it is a fact, and facts have an enormous power of perpetuating themselves. The Legitimist party in France is Ultramontane, and the Ultramontane party is Legitimist. The reactionary party in Italy is the party which is allied with the priests, and is blessed at Rome, and is in credit with the religious world. Belgium is a Catholic country and a constitutional one, but it has only been by the most continued vigilance and by great courage that the King and the wiser laymen have held the Constitution safe against the assaults of the ecclesiastical party. Wherever, as in Austria and in France in the first few years after 1848, the priests have had their own way, they have done their utmost to stop all liberty of thought, and to place all education in the hands of Ultramontane teachers. It might, as M. De Broglie says, be wiser if the Church allied itself with political liberty, but practically it always delights in the reign of absolutism. It may bless the trees of liberty after a revolution, but it is never easy until it can sing hosannas after a *coup d'état*.

We cannot believe that the Catholics throughout Europe have been entirely wrong in the side they have taken, and the presumption is very great that there must be some real affinity between Catholicism and despotism in government. Of course, when Catholics are not called on to govern, this does not show itself. In England and Holland Catholics are a small minority, and if they are let alone, and treated as other men are treated,

\* *Questions de Religion et d'Histoire*. Par Albert De Broglie. Paris: Lévy. 1863.

they may be satisfied. So, too, in America, there are many Catholics in the Union, but they do not govern. They only form one element in a mixed community, and then they may be as fond of religious and political liberty as their neighbours. But in the Catholic countries of Europe the Catholic party wishes to govern. It aspires to secular power, and it finds itself invariably drawn to give this power an absolutist shape. And the reason why this is so is not very difficult to discover, and it is one that is based on the very nature of Catholicism itself. The whole groundwork of Catholicism is the possession of certainty in spiritual matters. Now, if experience teaches us anything, it teaches us that men having, as they believe, a certainty of spiritual knowledge, and being invested with secular power, always give that power the shape of a tyranny. They cannot bear not to use the force at their disposal when they have no misgiving at all about the absolute truth of their opinions. Protestants and Pagans have shown this just as much as Catholics, and the mere fact that Catholics have, as they think, a whole body of thought regulating the life of man which is absolutely true and placed beyond the reach of all discussion, separates them from the modern world. This insuperable divergence is concealed in ordinary times and in the minds of most Catholics, but it comes to the surface when the opportunity of governing allows it fair play. There is a basis of certainty in Protestant belief, just as there is a basis of executive strength in constitutional government, but there is nothing like the rounded and rigid system which appears in Catholicism and gives power to bureaucracies. Time will, perhaps, show that Catholicism is not incompatible with modern ideas. But, if so, this will be effected by Catholicism going through some sort of transformation. Its creed will not change, but it will allow its moral aims to be somewhat altered, and will recognise virtues for which now it has theoretically no place. It will also give up the hope of governing on its own principles, and will no longer associate the notion of secular power with the hope of spreading the truth. This may happen some day, but it will be a day which M. De Broglie is scarcely likely to live to see.

#### THE DIALOGUES OF ARISTOTLE.\*

THE works of Aristotle which we still possess in the two goodly quartos of the Berlin edition exceed in bulk the works of almost every one of the Greek classical authors. Nevertheless, we know only one side of his enormous literary activity, and, as it would seem from the testimonies of his Roman editors and Alexandrian commentators, the least attractive. We know the greatest among the pupils of Plato only as the severe reasoner, the exact analyst, the industrious collector of facts, the builder of a system attractive by the absence rather than by the presence of anything that could move the imagination or relieve for a moment the intellectual labour of his readers; and we can hardly understand how the praises bestowed on him by Cicero, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Quintilian, and others are applicable to the author of the *Organon*, the *Rhetoric*, the *Poetics*, and the *Metaphysics*. Cicero speaks with admiration of *Aristoteles pigmenta*, whereas we should look in vain in his extant works for anything that deserved to be called a highly-coloured or brilliant style. Dionysius not only praises his powerful expression, but also his clearness and sweetness, and Quintilian discovers in him an *eloquendi suavitas* which even the most enthusiastic of his modern admirers hardly claim for their austere master. But, more than this, Cicero says distinctly that in his own philosophical dialogues he followed the example, not of Plato, but of Aristotle; and he informs us that the Aristotelian dialogue differs from the Platonic chiefly in this—that Plato never takes a personal part, whereas Aristotle, like Cicero, reserved for himself the principal character among the *dramatis personæ*. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Aristotle, as a philosopher who wanted not only to discover truth for himself, but, like every Greek thinker, to persuade others of the truth of his discoveries, employed in his writings that form which, since the days of Socrates, had become the recognised form of Greek philosophy—the Dialogue. At Athens, where philosophy arose not from the silent broodings of individuals, but from the free intercourse of people who took a living interest in the great problems of our existence—who met together in the market-places of the city, or on the walks of the neighbouring hills, to exchange their nascent ideas on the Good, the Beautiful, the True, and the Eternal—the dialogue was the most natural form which suggested itself to the philosopher in his first attempts at literary composition. Plato chose that form because, at his time, philosophy lived in it, and had not yet assumed either the tone of monologue, which is peculiar to the teacher of a school, or the bearing of a writer who, as was said of Aristotle, “dips his reed in thought,” and writes for himself rather than for others. Aristotle, though less of an active or preaching philosopher than Socrates or Plato, was after all a Greek, and by no means indifferent as to his success—that is to say, the general adoption of his views by his countrymen; and if he wished to oppose effectually some of the doctrines of Plato and his school, he could hardly have employed any literary weapon but that of his great master, the Dialogue of Plato. That Aristotle possessed the power of persuasion is expressly recorded by Antipater, the friend and executor of the philosopher; but if he possessed that

power, he certainly did not display it in any extraordinary degree in those works of his which have come down to us. He there relies on the irresistible force of syllogism, and employs very sparingly the soft pressure of rhetoric. Far, therefore, from being surprised, most students of Greek philosophy would be relieved on finding in a catalogue of the works of Aristotle a long list of Dialogues. Such a catalogue exists, and has been preserved by Diogenes Laërtius. Dr. Bernays of Breslau, at present one of the most eminent Greek scholars of Germany, has endeavoured to prove, in a most learned and ingenious essay *On the Dialogues of Aristotle*, that the catalogue preserved by Laërtius proceeds from Andronicus, the first collector and editor of Aristotle, who finished the work which was originally undertaken by Tyrannio, the friend and literary assistant of Cicero. Taking the barren list of titles there given, Dr. Bernays has further collected every passage in Aristotle, in his commentators, and in other works, that could throw light on the subjects treated in each Dialogue, and on the manner in which they were treated; and he has succeeded in a task never attempted before—viz. in showing to us Aristotle as a writer such as he was known to his contemporaries. He presents him before us as an author who wished before all things to produce some impression on the world in which he lived, and to bring others round to those views which he himself considered to be the highest truth—as a real Greek, in fact, of the same flesh and blood as Socrates, Plato, Pericles, and Demosthenes. He has partially restored a portrait of the young philosopher, with that animated expression which colour only can give, instead of the stern and still look which we knew from the bust of Aristotle.

But although this restoration of the real character of Aristotle seems to have been the principal object of Dr. Bernays, there is much besides in his essay to interest the student of classical antiquity. One of the most contested questions in the history of Greek philosophy, i.e. the original meaning of *exoteric* and *esoteric* writings, is treated in it with great skill. These two words have become so current in our own philosophical phraseology that we seldom think of their original import. *Esoteric* seems to mean, with us, what is inside or mysterious, what is kept hid from the eyes of the *vulgus profanum*; *exoteric*, what is outside, what is commonly known—hence popular, superficial. But though these two words are used in these senses in English, they certainly were not so used by Aristotle and the early Greek philosophers. First of all, the contrast between *exoteric* and *esoteric* is altogether unknown to Aristotle, and the very term *esoteric* never occurs in his works. It was formed much later, in imitation of the term *exoteric*, and in violation of the etymological principles of the Greek language. What Aristotle meant by *exoteric* has been the subject of many learned treatises, particularly among modern scholars. Some thought that *exoteric*, as used by Aristotle, was to be understood, not of books, but of the general opinions and conversation of the educated classes at Athens. This view was lately defended by one of the best Danish scholars, Madvig. Others thought that, when Aristotle appeals to *exoteric* writings, he does not mean any distinct class of literary works, but simply some other passage. This view was maintained by Thomas Aquinas, Sepulveda, and, more recently, by Zeller. After the searching criticism to which Dr. Bernays subjects both these views, few will fail to see that they are alike untenable. Dr. Bernays then proposes his own view, according to which *exoteric*, as used by Aristotle, always refers to his Dialogues. This opinion is by no means a new one. On the contrary, those who, like Cicero, were still in possession of the Dialogues, and could therefore verify for themselves the quotations and references of Aristotle, never doubted that *ἐξωτερικοὶ λόγοι* meant, with him, his published Dialogues. His early commentators take the same view—a view which met with general acceptance among the Italian scholars of the sixteenth century, but which was afterwards put aside, and almost forgotten. Among modern Aristotelian scholars, Ravaisson is one of the few who readopted it. Dr. Bernays, however, has done more. He takes the list of Dialogues as preserved by Diogenes Laërtius, and, after determining as far as possible the distinctive character of each, he shows how, in every case where Aristotle appeals to *ἐξωτερικοὶ λόγοι*, there is, or rather there was, a dialogue specially devoted to the very subject of which Aristotle is treating. There are altogether five passages in which he refers to *ἐξωτερικοὶ λόγοι*, implying that in them the subject which he is discussing had been already sufficiently illustrated, and that therefore he need not enter upon it again. In each of these cases, Dr. Bernays determines which of the Dialogues was meant, and he thus arrives by induction at the same opinion at which Cicero, Simplicius, and others who still possessed these Dialogues had arrived by simply verifying in their MSS. the passages referred to by Aristotle. It would be too much to say that in the arguments on which Dr. Bernays bases his conclusions there is nothing that is hypothetical or uncertain. The subject itself is such that it can only be treated conjecturally. But it is astonishing to observe the skill with which this excellent scholar picks his way across the slippery ground which he has to tread, how he brings together from the most distant quarters anything by which he can gain a more secure footing; so that in the end, if we hesitate to follow him to every conclusion, we look in vain for any safer guide, and feel, almost against our will, inclined to adopt an opinion which admits of so ingenious and so brilliant a defence.

In the same sense in which Aristotle uses *exoteric dialogues* (for *λόγοι* is the recognised Greek term for dialogues) he likewise uses the expressions *edited dialogues* (*ἐκδομένοι λόγοι*), *published*

\* *Die Dialoge des Aristoteles in ihrem Verhältniss zu seinen übrigen Werken.* Von Jacob Bernays. Berlin: 1863.



*dialogues* (ἡ κοινὴ γινόμενοι λόγοι), and *current works* (ἐκτελέσια). The meaning of each of these expressions is fully discussed by Dr. Bernays, and the impression which his discussions leave on us is decidedly that they are all synonymous. *Exoteric*, as used by Aristotle, never meant popular, in the bad sense of the word. It was used of works which were intended for the public, and which, in their form, were more perfect even than what Aristotle wrote for his classes. Aristotle never wrote anything superficial. He never had two philosophies—one for the many, the other for the few. What he sent out into the world (ἐξοτερικῶς), what he gave forth (ἐκτελέσειν), what he meant to be public property (ἡ κοινὴ γινόμενοι λόγοι), was clothed in the form of dialogue, as the then most natural, most recognised, most popular form of philosophy. To cast his thoughts into that form, to remove all inherent obscurity, to find the most telling expression for each new thought, to represent the results of the greatest efforts of thought as mere child's play, and to throw over the laborious process of his own reasonings the clear light of an everyday's conversation—this was the greatest triumph of philosophic art, and this triumph had to be achieved by Aristotle in his exoteric works. The Greek public demanded that the profoundest thought should be combined with the highest art; it would not listen to subjective speculations, however deep, unless they had been fully matured or hardened, so as to receive the highest polish, and stand the touch of the sharpest chisel. As, after learning to admire the life-like expression and the flowing garments of the master works of Phidias, the Greeks would have turned away with disgust from the stiff limbs of the *Æginetic* Marbles or the heavy colossi of Egypt, they would, after once listening to the Dialogues of Plato, have spurned, at least in works destined for public use, the stiffness of Aristotle's *Organon*, or the colossal blocks of thought scattered about in his *Metaphysics*. Works like these were destined for the school, where facts and method were more important than form, harmony, and clearness, where the master's aid could at once be called in to remove any real difficulty—where, in fact, his own thoughts could, in the presence of his less fastidious pupils, be worked out, and gradually assume that shape in which they might hereafter brave the gaze of a more exacting public. This was the original meaning of *exoteric* works—not what we should call cheap literature for the million, but master-works destined for the public of Athens. They were never contrasted by Aristotle with more profound, more exact, still less with any mysterious works of his own, but only with such as Aristotle himself would call *ὑπομνήματα*, notes; *παρηγορίαι*, essays; *ἀκρόασις*, lectures. The idea that the latter stood higher than the former never entered into Aristotle's mind; nay, from the highest point of view, they would, on the contrary, have to be considered as inferior. Dr. Bernays, like Cicero, inclines somewhat to the former view; but the evidence which he has himself so carefully collected would rather lead us to say that in substance there was no difference between the Dialogues and the other works of Aristotle (nec in summâ tamen ipsâ aut varietas est ulla apud hos quos nominavi, aut inter ipsos dissensio. Cic. *De Fin.* 5, 5, 12), whereas in form the Dialogues stood infinitely higher. The Dialogues of Plato, like those of Aristotle, are *exoteric*; and if so, there is surely no form more perfect in which the profoundest wisdom could be clothed, nor any utterance more appropriate and definite in which philosophy of whatever kind could address itself to a national audience, whether in Greece or in any other country. Dr. Bernays has dedicated his essay to the Rev. M. Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

#### THE "HOLY HOUSE."

WHEN will theological writers learn to comprehend the first laws of evidence, and understand that it is no man's duty to prove a negative? We have here before us a thin volume, written in evident good faith by a respectable, well-educated gentleman resident for many years in London, which betrays an ignorance of the processes of reasoning so profound that it would be impossible to believe the writer honest, were it not for his innumerable companions in self-deception. The legend of the "Holy House" of Loreto, as it is called, is sufficiently singular in itself as a product of the great, but non-reasoning, thirteenth century. But a still more singular phenomenon is the method by which the truth of the old fable is defended by men of tolerable capacity in the nineteenth. The old-fashioned chronologies make the human race not less than about six thousand years old. Modern estimates assign us an antiquity of at least thirty thousand. Yet, even supposing that man has passed only sixty centuries in learning how to ascertain the reality of any asserted fact, it is sufficiently humbling to our pride to find that, in the most momentous of all subjects—religion—the teachers of Christian Churches are for the most part utterly in the dark as to what constitutes a claim upon the belief of a reasoning creature. A note to a brief preface tells us that Mr. Hutchison himself was called away by death while his manuscript was passing through the press. Perhaps, for this reason, we might have allowed his demands upon our credulity to pass uncriticised. But as he himself and his friends formally put forward his book as a reply to Dr. Stanley's recently published remarks on the Loreto legend, it is as well to examine his statements, both for their own sake and as a sample of the style of treatment which passes for reasoning among too many of the

Roman communion. It is difficult, indeed, to read the volume with a grave countenance, and to criticise it seriously. Only by an effort can we persuade ourselves that its writer actually meant all that he says, and was not haunted by a secret suspicion that the whole story was anything more than an elaborate mediæval joke. Yet this theory is inadmissible. Mr. Hutchison is evidently as much in earnest as ever schoolmaster was who taught his pupils the unanswerable truths of the multiplication table. To jeer at him, or attack him as a Mariolater and a grovelling superstitious devotee, would, moreover, be nothing to the purpose. His Mariolatry is not more a superstition than the Sabbatarianism of the Scotch Dr. Begg; and if he and others think proper to go and kiss some extremely dirty walls in a big ugly church on the eastern shores of Italy, they do not inflict more misery on their fellow-creatures than the enlightened Christians who would prohibit Sunday excursions or retrench the poor man's Sunday beer. With delightful simplicity Mr. Hutchison assures us that, in order to feel the full effects of spiritual delight with which these walls affect the heart, it is necessary to be a "saint;" and he adds that, among "saints," the very filthiest and dirtiest of them all, one Benedict Labre, stands pre-eminent for the tears he shed before the shrine and the kisses he imprinted on the smoky mortar. But, at the same time, we are comforted with the information that a man is not necessarily a "heretic" who refuses to believe that on the 6th of May, in the year 1291, Joseph's house in Palestine was carried by angels from Nazareth, and put down at Tersatto, on the Adriatic. Mr. Hutchison does not seem to be very particular as to dates, it is true, for within the space of nine pages he gives a couple of them as the time of this wonderful event. This, however, is but a trifle, for, considering that the "Holy House" was now only at the commencement of its travels, it matters little whether its day of departure was the 6th or the 10th of May. Be this as it may, Tersatto retained its celestial gift only for a short time, for on the 16th of December, 1294, the edifice suddenly disappeared, and was carried through the air and deposited a great many miles off at the place now called Loreto. By and by the new site proved unsatisfactory, and the house was miraculously shifted to a small hill not far off. Still there was no rest for it, for the owners of the third site quarrelled, and were coming to blows; whereupon a fourth transmigration brought it to its present home. Mr. Hutchison further informs us that Frangipani, the sovereign of the territory around Tersatto, consoled his subjects for the loss of their shrine by erecting a model of it on the bereaved spot, which is asserted to continue to this day. Unluckily, indeed, this model is hardly at all like the presumed original; on which awkward phenomenon our author naïvely suggests that it has been "restored"—a singular mode of "restoration," one would imagine, on the part of the devout worshippers of so venerated an edifice.

Of course all sorts of wonders attested the reality of the miraculous journey, then and afterwards, of which decidedly the most remarkable was that which happened to one Antonio Grassi, who was struck by lightning in the "Holy House," and thereby instantly cured of the gout. Scarcely less remarkable was the sermon preached by the Virgin Mary to a certain hermit, and which is unquestionably the most unique composition that ever professed to enjoy a celestial origin. It bears, in truth, a suspicious likeness to sundry books and discourses of undoubted modern date; and we can only say that if St. Mary really did thus expound her sentiments to her devotees she must have suffered a lamentable deterioration, both moral and intellectual, which can only be compared to the falling-off in the poetry of Burns and Byron when they write verses in obedience to the call of our spirit-rapping mediums.

Such is the story which has within the last three months been seriously presented to the English reader, accompanied by what Mr. Hutchison considers to be ample proofs of its truth, and with a satisfactory refutation of sundry unpleasant remarks of Dr. Stanley—remarks which, it appears, were thought so suggestive of doubt to the more intelligent Catholic, that Cardinal Wiseman sent them off to an Italian Monsignore, then on his way to Nazareth, and begged for a specific reply. Before examining Mr. Hutchison's historical proofs, we may just see what Monsignore Bartolini made of his task. It was only an argumentative unpleasantness, it should be observed, which made Dr. Stanley's remarks so unpalatable, for Mr. Hutchison says that his book is "the work of a scholar and a gentleman." Yet, with true ecclesiastical uncharitableness, he stigmatises his "fairness and candour" as "apparent," though admitting that the said "apparent fairness and candour" make his argument only "the more dangerous to the unwary." Dr. Stanley's chief objections to the story (apart from the historical difficulties) are three. The first is that the dimensions of the Loreto house do not correspond with the foundations of the building at Nazareth from which it is pretended that the walls were supernaturally removed. Mr. Hutchison's reply is truly marvellous in its simplicity. He tells us that about two hundred and thirty years ago, one of the monks at Nazareth pulled down the walls of the chapel then existing, and found some foundations corresponding with the dimensions of the Loreto walls. This is absolutely his whole answer. The authorities of this apocryphal history are worthy of its substance. The story rests upon the statement of one Quaresmius, published in 1639, whose accuracy is in some respects actually impugned by Mr. Hutchison, and who merely professes to quote somebody else—namely, a certain Thomas of Novara—who only narrates what was done by a certain "Brother James." In other words, we are asked

\* Loreto and Nazareth. Two Lectures containing the results of Personal Investigation of the Two Sanctuaries. By W. A. Hutchison, Priest of the Oratory. London: Dillon.

to believe the most astoundingly preposterous of all legends, because it is alleged that there exist underground somewhere in Palestine certain wall-foundations, on the authority of somebody of whom nobody knows anything, who reports the statement of somebody else of whom nobody knows anything, who records the proceedings of a person of whom all that is known is that, from 1620 to 1626, he was guardian of a certain convent. And this is what the sacerdotal understanding considers a "proof." Is it not marvellous that Mr. Hutchison did not perceive that, from the original utterly unproved legend as to the identity of the supposed house of Joseph itself, the whole narrative is a chain of pure hypotheses? There is no more evidence for the supposed facts than for the stories of the Phoenix, or of the suspension in mid-air of Mahomet's coffin.

Dr. Stanley, in the second place, alleges that the house at Loreto is of a stone unlike anything in Palestine. On this point we may agree with Mr. Hutchison in his belief that it is very difficult to make out what the Loreto walls really are, as they are covered with mortar, smoke, dirt, and all sorts of accumulations, and the building itself is so dark that it is impossible to see anything distinctly. It seems, however, that Monsignore Bartolini obtained permission from the Pope to remove some "small portions" of the wall for chemical analysis. These were sent to a Roman Professor, with pieces of the mortar, and also with specimens of stone and mortar from the building at Nazareth, without any indication as to their origin. The Professor replied that the specimens of stone coincided in character, and that the same was the case with the mortar. Here, again, we have sacerdotalism *pur et simple*. The process recorded was a mere secret inquiry, conducted by interested persons. How do we know that Bartolini took specimens of the real wall, and not simply fragments of those stones which are unquestionably mixed up with the mortar? Why were not the specimens submitted to a French, or German, or English chemist, and tested publicly? Why is there no attestation as to the proceedings of Bartolini himself? If Roman ecclesiastics desire to be believed, they must rest their statements on something better than these mysterious proceedings. Those who are familiar with the system of Roman courts of justice, and know the tricks which have been practised even in such matters as the contents of the Catacombs themselves, will be slow in giving credence to the results of a secret investigation carried on only by a Roman prelate and a Professor of the Sapienza. Granted that the Monsignore and the chemist were perfectly honest, where is the proof of their capacity? From what Mr. Hutchison states, the Monsignore appears as incapable of exact reasoning as the most credulous of Italian devotees.

In answering Dr. Stanley's third objection, he and Mr. Hutchison are directly at variance as to a matter of fact. This third objection rests on the circumstance that, were the Loreto house replaced on its supposed original site, it would have no entrance except through an opening into a cave, which also would seem to have been blocked up by the want of correspondence between the door of the house and the opening to the cave. This very awkward fact naturally drives both the Roman Monsignore and the London Oratorian to their wits' end; and each has his separate theory. The Italian protests that there are indications of another doorway in the house; but the less imaginative Englishman, though he went to Loreto with the special object of finding such traces, could see none whatever. Mr. Hutchison, however, was not to be balked even by his own eyesight, and has a new theory of his own invented expressly for the occasion. He will have it that what is called the chimney in the Loreto building was originally a doorway, and was blocked up with a thin wall either in the days of Constantine or by the Apostles themselves. Does not this indicate a simplicity truly incomparable?

But we must hasten to the historical proofs of the original "Translation." As we return to them, it seems almost impossible that grown-up men, in possession of their full faculties, should satisfy themselves with such figments, and call it reasoning. The entire story, by its own confession, rests on a supposed account preached by the curate of the parish where the house was first lodged after its aerial voyage. His report, including sundry miracles and a sermon or two from the Virgin Mary, was, we are told, enrolled in the convent of Tersatto and in the "Chanceries of several neighbouring cities." But, unluckily—or shall we say luckily?—all these documents were burnt, or supposed to be burnt, between three and four hundred years ago; and there exist no means whatever of proving their genuineness and authenticity, or even their very existence. Mr. Hutchison, indeed, is not merely thankful for the very smallest mercies in the way of evidence, but, from his very peculiar ideas on the laws of reasoning, is more than satisfied with that which, to the eyes of ordinary mortals, is so infinitesimally minute as to be totally inappreciable. It seems hardly worth while to quote such nonsense, and yet it is necessary if we would realize the actual nature of the substratum of proof on which the religious belief of multitudes of intelligent men is based. The story is true, argues Mr. Hutchison, because Leo X., in the sixteenth century, obtained a copy of the original documents from the citizens of Fiume, who certified that "the facts" which had taken place 300 years before "were true." Again, one Cavalieri, writing in 1735, testifies officially that the quotations made by Pasconius (who had been dead several centuries) corresponded with the original archives, which were acknowledged to have been burnt in the year 1628. We assure our readers that we are not jesting, but are reproducing Mr. Hutchison's arguments with rigorous fidelity. The only point as to which we are in any doubt is the time of the death of

Pasconius. This, however, is immaterial. We have still the phenomenon of a respectable and honourable gentleman—educated, we believe, at Cambridge—accepting the accuracy of a copy of a document on the ground that it is officially asserted, by Cavalieri and others, more than one hundred years after the original was confessedly destroyed.

Of course Mr. Hutchison can detect none of the incongruities which throw an air of almost univalued absurdity over the whole narrative. The clergy of Loreto, on one occasion, we learn, wished to place an old crucifix upon a handsome new altar; but every morning it was found to have been miraculously carried in the night to its former place. In respect to this eminently clerical marvel, we are seriously informed that "the altar, and the place intended for the crucifix, are still pointed out in the church." And this is all that our author has to produce in the way of evidence of the travellings of the wonderful crucifix. As in all similar cases, the miracles are much more common in the dark than in the daylight, whether physical or intellectual. According to Mr. Hutchison, a marked alteration has taken place in the supernatural protection accorded to the sacred shrine in later times. In the fourteenth century, for example, when Clement VII. proposed to make three new doorways into the building to prevent the crushings and strugglings of the faithful at the old door, the hand of the architect who first struck the wall was instantly withered up, and he lay motionless for eight hours. Nothing could be done till a youth, armed, says our author, not only with a hammer, but with fasting and veneration for the Holy Virgin, struck the first blow, when all went well, and the openings were made. In the eighteenth century, the "holy" place was far less fortunate. The French soldiers, entering by these very doors, carried off all the treasures of the sanctuaries, and set up the very image of the Virgin—which, by the way, like "miraculous images" in general, is said to be excessively ugly, and in Mr. Hutchison's frontispiece is positively hideous—in the Louvre, and catalogued it as a "statue of some Eastern wood, belonging to the Egyptian-Jewish school." Thus, what was forbidden to the orthodox Catholic, acting under Papal command, unless when fasting and on his knees, was permitted to the revolutionary Frenchmen, who would as soon have thought of making the image commander-in-chief of their own army as of going without their breakfasts. But then it should be remembered that the one story belongs to these unpleasant days of newspapers and heretics, while the former is referred back five hundred years.

Such is the fabric of Continental supernaturalism, and such the basis of proof on which it professes to rely. We cannot laugh at it; we can hardly sigh over it; we certainly cannot mock at those who uphold it and believe in it; and this, not only because of our respect for the honesty and general intelligence of many of its supporters, but because we have too many parallels in our own follies and superstitions at home. But who can wonder that its advocates are as afraid of religious toleration as they themselves say the Devil is of holy water? Who can wonder that M. De Montalembert's burning sentences fell like fire upon ice when they struck the ears of the assembled "orthodox" at Mechlin? Who can wonder that, wherever the clerical hand is not held down by the vigorous grasp of the laity, whether in Rome or Sweden, England or Russia, Spain or Scotland, it is so often lifted up only to strike those who ask for proof of the premises before they accept the conclusion?

#### FAWCETT'S MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.\*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Fawcett suffers under an affliction which must greatly impede the prosecution of literary labour, he has succeeded in producing an admirable Manual of Political Economy. There are probably few men who have combined so complete a mastery of the principles of economic science with so much patient investigation of its facts; and there is already more than one economical question on which Mr. Fawcett is generally allowed to speak with authority. A Manual, therefore, bearing his name, carries on the face of it credentials of some value, and we think the present work justifies those credentials. It is all the better for being based upon Mr. Mill's Treatise, and there is much, besides, that is original in the illustrations, if not in the mode of exposition. There is one chapter on the Discoveries of Gold, the substance of which is to be found in no other treatise on political economy; and a chapter in the second book contains a statement of facts, not easy to find elsewhere, illustrating the experiment of Co-operative Associations. The only fault of the book is that occasionally, either from the way in which the author has combined the statement of a principle with the refutation of objections, or from too strong a desire to be concise, the exposition is not so clear as it might be. We refer almost exclusively to the chapter on Capital and to that on Foreign Trade, both of which might be improved in a second edition.

Since the time of Adam Smith there has been great progress in political economy. The greatest of his great contributions to the science was the discovery of the fallacy of the Mercantile theory. That discovery was, indeed, of rarely equalled significance. It enabled mankind to see what wealth was; it broke down a large part of the barriers that had separated nations;

\* A Manual of Political Economy. By Henry Fawcett, M.A., Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1863.



it thrust far back the horizon which had before seemed to limit the advance of material prosperity; and it contained the germ of all, or nearly all, the subsequent discoveries of economists. Still, these discoveries have changed the face of the science of wealth, and have made it stand in a far more authoritative relation to the facts. The law of rent has demonstrated that the prosperity of the owners of the soil is never an obstacle to, but generally a consequence of, the prosperity of the rest of mankind. The law of the increase of population and wealth has shown that the labouring class, so far from being necessarily involved in perpetual misery, has in its own hands the power of almost unlimited progress. The law of wages has proved that capital is the supporter, not the rival, of labour. The law of value, applied to the explanation of international commerce, has consolidated free trade, and has proved beyond a doubt that there is no divergence between the permanent interests of either men or nations. The questions that remain to be solved are rather questions of fact than of principle. Such questions, for instance, as the degree in which different forms of credit contribute to that rise of prices which is often the cause of commercial convulsions, and the effect at a given time of an increase in the supply of gold, will find their solution in the examination of statistics, rather than in discussions of the Ricardian type. It is, therefore, no disparagement of Mr. Fawcett's work to say that it reveals no law unrecognised before, and points out no shorter cut than was previously known to a comprehension of the facts of wealth. It rather suggests a consideration of the present state of political economy than invites any special criticism.

Mr. Fawcett has divided his work into four parts. Of these, the first three, like the first three of Mr. Mill's book, treat successively of the production, the distribution, and the exchange of wealth. The division of the science into these departments corresponds so closely with facts that, having been once suggested, its convenience has secured it almost universal adoption. It is, indeed, implied in the title of the first book of "The Wealth of Nations." Some economists, however, have preferred to postpone the discussion of production and distribution to that of exchange; and the importance of the idea of exchange as an element in the conception of wealth, and the way in which production and distribution are modified by circumstances the explanation of which belongs to the science of exchange, give a show of reason to this arrangement. But the course adopted by Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett is the best. It is obvious that, in the order of time, production precedes distribution, and distribution precedes exchange. But the chief advantage of this arrangement lies in the facility it gives the economist in marshalling the fundamental laws of his science.

These laws are few and simple. They may be stated in a few sentences, though in practice they modify one another so largely that it is comparatively difficult to grasp them in their manifold relations. Production is governed by the quantity and the efficiency of its three instruments—natural agents, labour, and capital. Natural agents are, in fact, limited, but their available quantity may be increased by the occupation of fresh soils and the discovery of new mines. The supply of labour is able to double itself in about twenty-five years; but its increase may be restrained within the narrowest limits, or arrested altogether by positive and preventive checks. Its efficiency depends upon the strength, the intelligence, and the industry of the labourers; their intelligence and industry being chiefly affected by national character, education, and the force of their motives for exertion—their strength by such circumstances as food and climate. The quantity of capital depends on the increase of wealth, together with the strength of the desire of accumulation, which itself depends on the character of the people, and the relative magnitude of the immediate sacrifice and the ultimate reward of abstinence. The efficiency of capital—or, rather, the joint efficiency of all the agents of production—depends on the advance of physical science and of general intelligence, and on that division of labour which is directed by these, and made possible only by capital itself. The parties in the distribution of wealth are the owners of the natural agents, the labourers, and the capitalists. Of these, the share of the labourers is determined by the ratio between their number and the amount of the labour-fund, which is, in fact, the whole of the capital in use, except so much of it as, having been invested in the purchase of productive agents, the result of previous labour, is called fixed capital. The share of the capitalist is what remains when the cost of production has been subtracted from the ultimate product—the cost of production including the wages, not only of the labourers immediately employed in the work, but of those who produced the fixed capital consumed in it, with the profits due upon the wages paid to these last. The competition of capitalists determines an average rate of profit; and, as certain sorts of natural agents, and certain processes the use of which is limited, give a larger return than others upon the same consumption of capital, the difference between this return and the average rate of profit is rent. Lastly, the exchange-value of all commodities is such as to equalize the supply and the demand. But the supply of far the larger number of commodities can be increased at the pleasure of man. Therefore, if their exchange-value exceeds their cost of production, the supply will be increased; while, if it falls short of the cost of production, the supply will be diminished, till their exchange-value conforms to their cost of production—the cost of production (in this connexion) including the rate of profit peculiar to the commodity, and meaning always the cost of producing the most expensive part of the whole quantity of the commodity that is produced. Some commodities of this class are

consumed so slowly that the greater part of the supply always consists of the accumulations of many years, while the supply of others is speedily consumed. A change in the cost of producing the former acts slowly on their value. A change in the cost of producing the latter can act on their value so rapidly that its natural operation, through a change in the ratio of supply and demand, is often anticipated, and a change of value follows immediately on a change of cost. The precious metals are instances of the former, and most manufactured goods of the latter sort.

Three subjects remain, which are included by Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett in their third books, and which may be regarded as supplementary to that of Exchange. These are Foreign Trade, Credit, and Money. The first two are of the greatest importance in promoting production. Without the first, which is, in fact, a case of the division of labour, there would be an immense waste of labour; without the second, there would be an immense waste of capital. Money is the measure of value and the instrument of exchange. Nothing could serve the purposes of money so well as the precious metals, and the production and distribution of commodities would suffer if it were necessary to adopt a less commodious substitute. Sudden fluctuations in the value of money could not take place without deranging both the production and the distribution of wealth. Yet it is obvious that in no other way than this are changes in the value of money of importance to any class except the receivers and payers of fixed sums.

Foreign trade is profitable to a country whenever it can purchase abroad a larger quantity of any commodity than could be produced at home by the labour and capital which are employed in producing what is given in exchange for it. The difference in the cost of production must, of course, exceed the cost of carriage; and, subject to this, the values of such commodities may be nearly as high as what would be their cost of production in the importing country, while they cannot fall lower than their actual cost of production in the exporting country. How nearly they may approach either of these limits depends upon the relative eagerness to trade of the importing country on the one hand, and of the exporting countries on the other. For instance, that country whose demand is keenest will obtain all its imported commodities on the most unfavourable terms, inasmuch as it has, by the hypothesis, to force a market for its exports. In other words, the values of imported and exported commodities must be such as to equalize the international demand and supply.

Credit signifies the advance of wealth, or of the name of one who has credit, by its owner to a borrower. If there were no credit, the productive activity of the world would be greatly impeded, as wealth could in that case be used only by its owners, and many of the owners of wealth are unwilling or unable to use it in production. The rate of interest is the measure of credit. It must always be such as to equalize the demand and supply of loans, and it cannot in any country fall permanently below the rate of profit that can be obtained without risk. A man who has credit is in fact treated as an owner of commodities, and commodities are given to him just as if he gave money or other commodities in exchange, except that, till the commodities or the equivalent of them is returned, interest is stipulated to be paid to the lender. Purchases made on credit have the same effect on prices as purchases made with commodities. It follows that, as all owners of commodities or of credit can make advances or lend their credit to others, there is no limit to their power of causing a rise of prices except the want of demand, and there is obviously no limit to their desire to do so except their fear of ultimate loss. Some economists think that bankers are more likely to lend, or to get people to borrow, the form of credit that is embodied in bank notes than the other forms of credit, such as book credits and bills of exchange. Those who are of this opinion are generally in favour of restricting the issue of bank notes.

Money is, in respect to its production, distribution, and exchange, subject to the same laws as every other commodity. If its value falls short of its cost of production, it will be no longer produced; while it will be produced in larger quantities than before if its value exceeds its cost of production. Thus the value of money tends to conform to its cost of production, but its value in every country is immediately regulated by the proportion between the supply and the demand. The demand for money is determined, not by the amount of commodities, but by the amount of business that has to be done with money. It is probably increased by the growth of wealth and population, and it is certainly increased by the extension of transactions. On the other hand, it is diminished by every substitute for money. If, when the demand is not increased, the supply is increased, the value of money falls, or prices rise. If, when the supply is not increased, the demand is increased, the value of money rises, or prices fall. When prices are higher in one country than in another, commodities are sent for sale into the former country, and its money flows out. In this way prices are kept nearly equal, at least in those countries between which intercourse is easy.

After the laws of production, distribution, and exchange have been discussed, together with the laws of credit, foreign exchanges, and money, the action of which is so important in aid of the former, an economist naturally proceeds to consider the present prospects of production and distribution. Mr. Mill discusses this question in his fourth book, and the substance of it is contained in certain chapters of Mr. Fawcett's second and third books. The prospects of production have entirely changed since the last century. At the time when Adam Smith wrote, the rate of profit was already very low in every old and wealthy country; and this was the result partly of its accumulation

of capital, nearly the whole of which had to find employment within its limits, and partly of the increased cost of its food, nearly the whole of which had to be extorted, for the supply of a comparatively dense and rapidly increasing population, from soils already severely tasked. It was therefore reasonable to expect that, by the further operation of the same causes, the rate of profit would fall still lower, till the accumulation of capital would cease, and what has been called the stationary state would supervene. Yet, at the same time, in the newly occupied and backward countries, the increase of wealth bade fair, through deficiency of capital, to be as slow as it had been in the old. Free trade and the increased facilities of intercourse have now given the world a very different prospect. The countries that are old and prosperous actually obtain a large part, and they could obtain almost the whole, of their supplies of food from the teeming soils of those that are newly opened; and capital, no longer confined to the country where it has been produced, migrates freely to all, or nearly all, the countries of the world. The results are twofold. In the old countries, the rate of profit is sustained, and further accumulation is encouraged, by the diminished cost of labour and the ready migration of capital; while in the new countries, production is assisted by the capital of the old. If it is difficult to set limits to the increased production of which the land, labour, and capital of old countries are now capable, it is still more difficult to conceive the amount of wealth that may be wrought out of the land of new countries by labour supported in a great degree by the capital of the old.

The largest increase of production would be unsatisfactory unless it were accompanied by an improvement in the condition of the labourers. A mere alteration in the ratio between the labour-fund and the population could not effect a permanent change of this nature, for a rise of wages so obtained would be at the expense of profits, and would therefore bring about a reduction of the labour-fund and an undoing of the work that had seemed to be accomplished. Still less can combinations of labourers do any good, for they cannot even alter the ratio, except sometimes in particular trades, in which case they only alter it at the expense of the labourers in other trades. All hope of permanently improving the condition of the labourer lies in the increased efficiency of the agents of production, enabling the real wages of the labourers to be raised without any diminution in the rate of profit. But not even then will the labourers retain their increased reward unless a higher standard of living prevails among them with sufficient force to prevent a proportionate increase of the population. The Co-operative Associations which Mr. Fawcett describes will be beneficial to the labourers in both ways. Even where they are merely "stores," and give the labourers nothing but a lucrative mode of employing their savings, they cannot fail to improve the condition of the labourers, to raise their standard of living, and to teach them prudence. But where the labourers not only combine their capital, but make it support their own labour in co-operative undertakings, these associations have only to be well regulated, and they must increase the efficiency of labour, inasmuch as they increase the strength of the labourer's motive for exertion.

Mr. Fawcett's fourth and last book contains an examination of that part of the influence of Government upon wealth which consists in raising a revenue. Changes are conceivable in the law of inheritance, and even in the law of partnership, which would more largely modify the production or the distribution of wealth than any probable changes in the present mode of taxation. But Mr. Fawcett justly prefers to exclude questions which, great as the effect of any solution of them must be on the economical state of the country, will nevertheless be solved chiefly with reference to considerations unconnected with wealth. This section of his work, like the greater part of what has preceded it, possesses just the merits which a manual ought to possess. The exposition is clear, the illustrations are well chosen, and the command of the subject is complete.

#### A ROMANCE OF ARGENTINE HISTORY.\*

It has been complained that the general study of history becomes continually more formidable by reason of the extended periods and areas of which it has to take cognisance. Transactions which people once had time to study in contemporary memoirs or garrulous chronicles must now be handed down to other generations in dry compendiums, or in a few lines of a chronological table, as is already almost the lot of those campaigns of Tamerlane and Ghenghis Khan which seemed to throw the whole world into consternation. The most peculiar and impressive records of countries or individuals sink successively into neglect, except among some few amateurs, if they do not refer directly to the fortunes of the leading nations in each century, or else to some peculiarly extensive revolution in the opinions or governments of the civilized world. We could not guess, for instance, what amount of interest in Europe, and among the teachers of the young particularly, may be attached, half a century hence, to the histories of the South American republics, either directly, for the political importance they may then possess, or from their having supplied a field for Garibaldi's training in the arts of warfare and political agitation. But at any rate those wild records, with their many horrible and grotesque extravagances, will have offered most attractive materials to the writers of fiction; and from such authors, if from no others,

the public may long be content to glean some genuine particulars of the facts employed by them. Such a view seems to have been taken by the very clever author of *Amalia*, a novel which has but lately found its way to European libraries, though for the most part composed before 1851. There is some singularity in his manner of supplying us, not only with rapid historical summaries (which may be convenient and instructive enough), but very often with half chapters of documentary details, such as might better, to all appearance, have been left to the historian for his notes or appendices, unless haply it was suspected by Señor Marmol that an historian for the Argentine provinces might never be forthcoming. But it must not be suspected from what we have said, that the composition is founded upon mere documentary studies. On the contrary, it bears an unmistakable stamp of deeply felt personal experience, and of intimate and extensive acquaintance with the society and administration of Buenos Ayres twenty-two years ago, and with the habits of the ruling family, their myrmidons, and the coteries of the oppressed aristocracy. Beyond this, the story of *Amalia* displays an amount of invention and ingenuity that would have done credit to the most arbitrary fiction. The imagination of the author, if not versatile, is intense and unflagging; and he has also a good share of humour, though of the kind which seems mainly exerted in keeping, or affecting to keep, the head cool under agitating or exasperating circumstances. It must be admitted that his delineations of character, though lively and graphic, are not very subtle, and that in his love-passages there is sometimes an exuberance of sentiment and metaphor to which the English taste at the present day will not so readily accommodate itself as that of the dwellers in a clime nearer to the tropics. But in the most essential arts of the story-teller we should unhesitatingly award him a very high place among the living authors of Europe and America.

The action is confined within five months of the year 1841, beginning in May. At this time General Rosas is governing with despotic power in Buenos Ayres; but several of the Argentine provinces have emancipated themselves, while his forces have received important checks from the Montevideans, and from General Lavalle in Corrientes and Entre Rios. At Montevideo numerous "Unitarian" fugitives are arriving day after day from the opposite city, to repress whom the Dictator has recourse to the most violent policy. The commencement of the narrative is nearly historical. A party of five or six young men appears by night near the residence of the British Ambassador, awaiting a bark to emigrate in. They are there attacked and overpowered by a troop of horsemen. Eduardo Belgrano escapes the immediate massacre under cover of an adjoining ravine. He is pursued by a few soldiers and severely wounded, but rescued by the interference of a new comer. This is Daniel Bello, an active conspirator on behalf of the Unitarians, but enjoying the confidence of some influential persons about General Rosas, and, indeed, of his party generally. Neither of the two men is at this time recognised by their opponents. An asylum is found for Edward in the house of Daniel's cousin, a young and beautiful widow, who has recently come there from the country, and is living in great seclusion. The searches instituted for the fugitive by his political enemies, and the manoeuvres of Daniel to keep him out of their way, or by counter-influence to obtain protection for the places where Amalia sojourns, produce a series of the most interesting scenes, of which we will only attempt to furnish a slight sample.

Edward's most dangerous adversary is destined to be Doña Maria Josefa, the sister-in-law of the Dictator, a woman constantly surrounded by spies from the lowest orders of the people. She soon learns from an impertinent admirer of Amalia's that the latter has been accompanied in her coach by an unknown cavalier, to whom Daniel, her cousin, had committed her during her return from a State ball. On this occasion the motive of her attendance had been prudential and political. That of the changed escort had been sentimental, but excusable, for Edward and the widow were already attached and betrothed to one another. Doña Maria now causes Amalia's house to be carefully watched from an adjacent eminence, and learns that a young man, apparently lame, has been observed several times in the courtyard. She has been already informed that the victim who escaped the police was wounded in the left thigh, and she at once conceives a fresh hope of being able to identify him. With this view, she calls unexpectedly at the house, in company with her sister-in-law Agustina, whose acquaintance Amalia has made at the unfortunate State ball. The two inmates are found at tea, together with Daniel and his betrothed, Florencia, whom Doña Maria has recently attempted to alienate from him by a misconstruction of his intimacy with Amalia. The behaviour of the Dictator's sister-in-law is characteristic and revolting. She scans Edward from head to foot, and makes repeated efforts to lead him into conversation, while the others interpose to withdraw her attention. She affects a difficulty in raising herself from her chair, and suddenly leans with all her weight upon the left thigh of the unfortunate convalescent, who sinks back groaning, and almost fainting. Maria Josefa is now sure of her discovery, and scarcely conceals her triumph with a few slight and jocular apologies. She withdraws to send a police commissioner in her place; but her intentions have been divined, and her envoy cannot this time arrive soon enough. The fugitive is for awhile concealed by an unfortunate writing-master, whose political apprehensions have made him a docile condutor of Daniel's, and who is thus brought into embarrassing situations which form an amusing underplot. The progress of events receives an impulse from the

\* *Amalia*. Por José Marmol. Colección de Autores Españoles. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.



Unitarian invasion of the province of Buenos Ayres, under General Lavalle, who unfortunately loses much time in his gradual approaches to the city, and at last unaccountably retires from it. Daniel, meanwhile, pays a visit to Montevideo, to urge upon the Government party and the French Minister there a firmer policy in supporting the revolutionary movement. He, however, finds jealousies existing between Rivera and Lavalle, which make it impossible to obtain any results. He still holds clandestine meetings in Buenos Ayres to organize a rising of the city in favour of Lavalle; but his partisans cannot be brought to act in concert, and fall gradually away from him. Daniel scruples not all this time to goad the party of the Dictator onwards to extreme measures, by which he is in hopes of provoking a reaction against them.

The retreat of Lavalle is followed by a savage persecution of the Unitarian party. Daniel gets Florencia and her mother conveyed to Montevideo by an English smuggler, but Amalia refuses to accompany them. She has determined to remain to the last with Edward, whom the political plans of his friend have prevented from attempting another embarkation. At one time he is nearly detected at her country-house, near Barracas, but the search is prevented by the production of a protective order from Manuela, the daughter of General Rosas, whose devotion to that domestic as well as social tyrant has not saved her from being deceived by Daniel's artifices. Afterwards, Edward is forced to take refuge in a monastery, then at the English ambassador's, and lastly, with more success, he seeks shelter from Mr. Slade, the American Minister, who protected all outlaws with a high hand. The emissaries of Rosas and of the Mas-horca (or *more-gallows*) club are forced to respect the home and even the equipages of the foreign envoy, with whom the poor writing-master is also induced to take refuge, in spite of an official appointment which Daniel has procured him—or rather in consequence of that appointment—in which he has been constrained to betray to his friend the despatches received in the Foreign Office. The hopes of the patriotic party being at length totally subverted, it is determined that Edward and Amalia shall meet in the town residence of the latter, get privately married before Daniel and another select witness, and then emigrate. The ceremony is performed; but the house is in that very hour surrounded by a rabble of assassins. The vigour and interest of the narrative, and the reader's suspense as to its issue, are maintained to the very termination.

The following is a vivid description of the reign of terror which had commenced at this time in Buenos Ayres:—

Rosas thought no longer but of revenging himself upon his enemies, and of disabling and prostrating the public intelligence by terrific measures. . . . Society was overwhelmed with alarm, and snatching at any chances of preservation by the most puerile external observances.

In less than a week the whole city of Buenos Ayres was painted red. Men, women, and children of all classes stood in the streets with brushes, by day, and very often by night, laying the colour upon doors, windows, railings, and outer corners. And while one portion of a family was thus employed, another was hiding, defacing, or destroying everything in the interior on which there was a patch of white or blue. It was a toil of body and of mind, kept up from one day into another; and which, nevertheless, afforded no one the security desired.

In most of the houses there were no servants left. The city was turned, as it were, into a cemetery of the living. And neighbours, on the platforms of the roofs, or running for moments out of doors, kept conveying, one to another, the tidings that had reached them of the Mas-horca. This notorious company of assassins went about the streets day and night, overthrowing, robbing, and murdering. . . . Their entrance into a house portended a combination of crime, turmoil, and brutality, to which the history of the worst tyrants affords no parallel.

They arrived in parties of eight, ten, twelve or more scoundrels. Some would begin shouting and smashing all the windows; others tore up the pavements, broke the mirrors, and burst open all the drawers and cabinets. Some ran from room to room, court to court, striking undefended females with large cudgels, knocking them down and cutting their hair off with knives; others hunted in every bed and corner for the man or men to whom the house belonged, who were there killed on the spot, or dragged into the streets, and massacred in the midst of an infernal shouting and hubbub, which was mingled with the groans of the victim and the wails of women and children. . . . No asylum could be found for any. Doors were shut on neighbours, friends, and relatives. And the fugitive ran along the streets, knocked at the doors of houses, tried to enter convents, the bureaux of foreign legations—and everywhere tremulous hands pushed him back, and he was told, "No! not here, for God's sake, they will come and kill us all, back! back!" and the wretch withdrew and fled, and longed even that the earth might open to shelter him.

But the knife could not destroy whole families. Mothers, maidens, children were left alive; hundred of men yet escaped, and the vengeance of Rosas was yet left unsatisfied.

Then followed the barbarous decree of September 16, which confiscated "the possessions moveable and immovable, rights and interests, of all the Unitarians, or all whom Rosas chose to put down as such"—a decree by which thousands of families were expelled from their houses, and reduced to beg for their bread and their night's lodging.

Through the whole of these volumes, Señor Marmol maintains the tone of an indignant censor of the cruelties of the ruling class, and he will easily succeed in rousing against it the indignation of his readers. But he views with a dangerous, though natural, lenity the most unscrupulous duplicity in the representative of the suffering patriots—a vice hardly less pernicious than oppression, because it is sure to provoke the latter to its worst excesses. The contrasts presented by Daniel's character—the scheming and eager mind, relieved by a childish elasticity of spirits and temper, and the capacities for generous love and friendship that accompany the deepest perfidy in betraying the confidence of political opponents—afford a striking example of the moral corruption engendered by habits of intrigue and faction.

The character of Amalia is more unsullied—her temperament being dreamy and poetical, but such as to admit of her displaying an admirable firmness in trying circumstances, which is always exerted in a generous and self-sacrificing spirit. The extraordinary personal and domestic life of General Rosas and his family are effectively portrayed in a few short scenes and dialogues. The variety of topics and of style which enters into the work is most remarkable.

#### GESTA REGUM BRITANNIE.\*

THE popularity of the Arthurian cycle of legend, and of the whole series of fables for which Geoffrey of Monmouth is chiefly responsible, is one of the strangest facts in literary history. The wonder is not that, when they are taken up by great poets, whether in the sixteenth or in the nineteenth century, they are found to supply fit materials for art. The real wonder is that the fables in their ruder form should ever have become so well known as to suggest the stories either of Lear or of Arthur as natural subjects for a great poet to take up. The historian sighs over them, just as he sighs over Ivanhoe, because the poets with their pretty stories have ousted him from ground which he claims as his own. Lear, perhaps, he will not allow to trouble him. Nobody now believes in Lear, or looks on Shakspeare's play as anything but a pure work of fancy. It was not so always. A hundred years back, as Mr. Grote reminds us, a grave critic stopped to point out Shakspeare's gross anachronism in making Lear talk about Nero. But the legends of Arthur are still a practical nuisance only less serious than the legends of Charles the Great. Undoubtedly there is one wide difference between the two cases; the true Karl of history stands ready to take the place of the Charlemagne of fable, while of Arthur all that history can say is, that the evidence for his existence does, on the whole, outweigh the evidence against it. But the two cycles of legends have done historical mischief of exactly the same kind. The mythical Charlemagne has led the world to mistake the greatest of Germans for a Frenchman, and the mythical Arthur has done not a little to make us forget that, in a sense, we are Germans too. There is something passing strange in the way in which the Normans and Angevins in England thus took up the mythical history of a doubly conquered people. The heroes both of their ancestral and of their adopted country were well nigh forgotten for the sake of the champions of a race which had become a servant of servants. The long story of Brute and his successors is now indeed pretty well forgotten, except those parts which more modern poets have stepped in to rescue from oblivion. But there can be no doubt that their long-continued popularity has had a practical effect. The temptation to substitute country for race is always strong. In politics, indeed, it often becomes a duty so to do. A Welshman or a Highlander is now our countryman, while a Dane or a Frisian is not. Of course, we except our fellow-subjects of either nation in the now narrow limits of Heligoland. But it only leads to historical confusion if we carry back feelings which are wholesome as regards the politics of the day into our estimate of the history of remote ages. We feel sure that nine people out of ten look upon Arthur as a countryman, and Hengest as an intruding stranger. An intruder he was, sure enough, if he ever existed to intrude. What people forget is that their own forefathers intruded along with him. We once heard a lady of undoubted Teutonic blood, and of great zeal for the "Volunteer movement," listening to an antiquary describing an ancient camp where he conceived that the invading Saxons—in this case they were Saxons—met with a desperate resistance at the hands of the Britons. "They fought as Britons would fight," was the comment of his hearer. It was not with the Teutonic aggressors, but with the Celtic defenders, that she identified her own favourites of the rifle corps. We believe that this is the feeling of the vast majority of people. They know better, if you come to ask them, because, if you ask them, they have to think, and a moment's thought sets them right. But unless they are thus pinned, they do not give the moment's thought, and their first impulse runs the other way. It is always "our British ancestors" who resisted Cesar, in the mouth of Browne and Robinson no less than in the mouth of Jones. Haydon painted "Alfred and the First British Jury," probably without the faintest notion of the twofold absurdity. Arthur is one of the greatest of mythical names, even to those with whom King Arthur is as mere a name as King Pippin, and who could not recount a single exploit of any one of the Knights of the Round Table. It may sound hardly credible, but we say it in sober earnest, that in many people's minds the idea of Arthur is inextricably mixed up with the idea of Alfred. Each defended the soil of our island against invaders; and some of the most remarkable exploits of both are placed in the same part of the island. The Isle of Avallon and the Isle of Athelney are near enough for their several heroes to be easily identified. That Alfred was the descendant and successor of the invaders against whom Arthur fought would really sound to a good many people as a subtlety or a paradox.

It is quite clear that, in all this, the natural tendency to identify oneself with one's native land, even at the expense of our real ancestors, has been strengthened by the popularity of the

\* *Gesta Regum Britannia*. A Metrical History of the Britons, of the Thirteenth Century, now first printed from three Manuscripts by Francisque-Michel, Ph. D., &c. Printed for the Cambrian Archaeological Association, 1862.

legends belonging to those whom our ancestors warred against and did their best to root out. Everybody, we should think, would feel the absurdity of calling, as Machiavelli calls, Brennus and his Gauls "Frenchmen;" but we are not sure that everybody would equally feel the absurdity of calling Caractacus an Englishman. Many people would certainly be more inclined to bestow the name on him, or on Aurelius, or on Arthur, than on the host of Saxons, or, as they are sometimes called by way of variety, Saracens, with whom Hengest entered our island. St. Alban is, in all hagiography, the "protomartyr Anglorum," though it is obvious that he must have been either a Roman or a Welshman. We once heard a preacher argue that there must have been "English" bishops at the Council of Nice, because there were recorded "English" bishops at the Council of Arles. Nay, we have been gravely told by one calling himself an antiquary that, when Caractacus and his children were brought before Claudius, the Emperor, touched with their beauty, declared them to be "non Angli sed Angeli." All this passes the common limit of confusion on such matters; it is clearly the result of the popularity enjoyed during so many ages by British, as distinguished from English, legends. We may observe in passing that this popularity never led to any sort of sympathy with the still existing Britons. An English knight of Norman descent looked on Arthur as the paragon of English knighthood; but, as he did not identify himself with Arthur's historical opponents, still less did he identify himself—or, indeed, Arthur either—with Arthur's still living representatives. Here again we may find, beyond all doubt, one main cause of our strange habit of calling our forefathers indiscriminately "Saxons," and speaking of such "Saxons" as of a foreign race. The Welshmen called all Teutons in Britain "Saxons," because the Saxons were the first Teutonic tribe with whom they had to deal. With the Welsh legends came in this Welsh manner of speaking. Robert of Gloucester is, as far as we know, the earliest writer who talks of "Saxons" as opposed to "Normans," and he, we need not say, is great upon the glories of Brute and his descendants.

We may be sure, however, that the result which the popularity of the Arthurian legends has brought about was one not reckoned upon by any Celtic Druid, Bard, or Ovate. For, since Bishop Thirlwall has become a Druid, we are bound to believe that Druids, Bards, and Ovates are things which really have existed. Our present poet is a continental, not an insular Briton. He writes for Britons only—for Britons, it seems, in either Britain:—

Procul hinc, procul esse periti  
Saxones hinc abeant, lateant mea scripta Quirites;  
Nec pateant Gallis, quos nostra Britannia victrix  
Sepe molestavit. Solis hæc scribo Britannis,  
Ut memores veteris patrie jurisque paterni,  
Exillique patrum, proprieque pudoris, anhelant  
Vocibus et votis ut regnum restituantur  
Antiquo juri, quæ possidet Anglus hostis;  
Neve male fidei possessor prædia nostra  
Præscribat, sumatque bonas a tempore causas.

The "Gaul," we see, is not loved, but the unlucky Englishman is far more bitterly hated. The following passage is curious on every ground, and is worth studying in detail:—

At genus Anglorum, stirps impia, natio fallax,  
Gens in Marte fugax, in agendis fraudibus audax,  
Turba bibax, soboles mendax, populusque bilinguis,  
Excedit numero Britones. Probitate Britannii  
Excedunt Anglos; sed quare Saxones Angli  
Dicuntur, mihi, Musa, refer, ne nescius errem.  
Respondet sic Musa mihi: "Dat patria nomen  
Illud, id eventus nomen facit angulus Anglum;  
Anglicus angelicus tamen exponi solet; hujus  
Nominis expositior et dictus apostolus Angli  
Gregorius populi respexit ad exteriorem  
Candorem vultus, cum quondam dixerit Anglos  
Angelicos; tamen angelico perversa nitore  
Mens caret, Anglus est Sathanae hujus nominis auctor.  
Forte vel interior determinat angulus Anglos,  
In quo cauda riget, vel id ex vi gloria nomen  
Composita exponit, sine qua gens illa futura est."

All this at once reminds us of some of the anti-English invectives of Giraldus Cambrensis, of which we gave some specimens in a late article. But there is this difference, that our Armorican foe seems to make no distinction between Normans and English, such as is ever and anon very sharply drawn by Giraldus. And one cannot help asking whether all this ebullition was merely poetical, or whether it was the expression of any real political hopes. The work belongs to the thirteenth century—to what stage of it does not seem very certain. But it is worth remembering that, at the beginning of that century, a Duke of Brittany, of the old blood on his mother's side—a new Arthur, to whom Breton patriots may have looked for a revival of the glories of the old—was cruelly and treacherously made away with by a King of England. John too had his wars with the Welsh, which throw a gleam of success over the general ill-luck of his reign. Do these two things taken together at all account for this fierce anti-English virulence on the part of a continental Celt? Arthur's sister still lived, ready to be set up as the heiress of both Britains; married to a Welsh prince, she might have revived the old Celtic rule on both sides of the sea. We know of no evidence for any such schemes, but the language of the poet certainly seems to point to feelings towards England and Englishmen rather too strong to have been aroused by the memory of wrongs seven hundred years old.

The poem itself perhaps few people will be inclined to read through. It is the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth reproduced in Latin hexameters. It is not, however, a mere metrical trans-

lation. William of Rennes, or whoever the poet was, tells his tale for himself, and enlarges and dramatizes at pleasure. And his hexameters, for mediæval hexameters, are very tolerable. Here is a specimen:—

Rex facit ense viam, fortem fortissimus Eldon  
Impetit Engistum; parili virtute resistit  
Dux Engistus ei; qui eorum fortior aut quis  
Sit major dubium est. Crebros dant ensibus ictus,  
Compulsusque graves; sed stans immotus uterque,  
Cum pare par constat; sed adhuc non est bene certa  
Quis cedat vel quis excedat. Permicat ignis  
Ex collisura gladiorum. Pallada, Martem,  
Cum Junone Jovem, Saturnum Mercuriumque  
Invocat Engistus; Christo se deputat Eldon;  
Sed neque Christus adhuc isti, nec muta triumphat  
Idola dant illi. Dubio victoria pendet,  
Donec Cornubie dux se Golorius illam  
Transtulit ad partem, stipatus milite multo.  
Quo viso, virtus Eldonis crescit, et ipsum  
Abstrahit Engistum, dextra nasale capescens  
Cassidis ipsius, victumque per agmina ducit.  
Saxones Engistum vinctum captumque videntes,  
Attoniti fugiunt; fugientes Armoriorum  
Agmen equestre sequens non cessat sternere, donec  
Aurelio cedit victoria.

It may be remarked that the "fortissimus Eldon," whose name has an odd effect for a modern English reader, is, in other accounts, called "Eldol." Some Dean and Chapter of large faith have gravely written up his name on the throne in Gloucester Cathedral. For Eldol had a brother a Bishop, Eldad by name, by whose advice Hengest, after the precedent of Samuel and Agag, was presently hewn in pieces before the Lord.

The "nasale," or *nose-piece*, mentioned in the above extract, should be noticed. It is very prominent in the figures of the Bayeux Tapestry, and may be traced through the twelfth century. The thirteenth century had other forms of helmet. The mention of the "nasale" is indeed borrowed from Geoffrey, but it is the sort of detail which a free copyist like our poet would hardly retain under any notion of antiquarian accuracy. Had he not seen the "nasale" in use, he would hardly have known what it meant. This seems to fix him to quite the beginning of the thirteenth century, and to make him, in fact, a contemporary of Arthur and John.

Our poet makes the *o* in the word "Saxones" short; indeed, even in the accusative, he makes it a dactyl, *quasi Σάξονας*. But the continental Saxon, who records the deeds of Charles the Great, gives the word another quantity:—

Saxōnum Carolus fines hostiliter intrat.

The daughter of Hengest here, as well as in Robert of Gloucester, has definitely assumed the name "Rowen" or Rowena, which so many people amusingly look on as the typical Old-English name. The heretic Pelagius, probably to help out the verse, assumes the form of "Pelagius," forestalling two or three well-known Oxford jokes. Finally, the connexion of the poem with both sides of the Channel is duly kept up in the present edition. It is published by a Welsh Society, edited by a French or Gascon editor who provides an English preface, and printed at Bordeaux by a printer whose name, Gounouilhou, certainly does not suggest either a Romance or a Teutonic origin.

#### SUBTLE BRAINS AND LISSOM FINGERS.\*

IT is a commendable practice with many of our minor periodicals, not to rely solely for their hold on the public upon their power to amuse or stimulate the lighter kind of reader, but to incorporate something which may have the air of aiming at utility, and so meet the requirements or salve the consciences of those who would not be thought to read wholly for the sake of passing diversion or excitement. A little wholesome information, dressed up in a pleasant way, may have its effect in attracting a class of minds who could not be satisfied with a course of unvarying fiction or with the ephemeral gossip of the hour, but who like to put down their weekly or monthly sheet with the feeling that they have not entirely misemployed their hour of leisure. They have, that is to say, something to show by way of edification or improvement. They have had an hour's chat on some matters of scientific or antiquarian interest which are more or less new to themselves, and which they can have the pleasure of retelling to their children or their friends, if with not a little pride in the possession of novel and extra information, at least with the satisfaction of having taken a useful lesson, and having repaired a breach, so to say, in the fabric of their knowledge. Those who, on the other hand, prefer, after all, to take up their few pennies' worth of reading for the possible amusement it may contain, have yet the option of skipping the utilitarian and common-sense columns as rather a bore than otherwise, and scouting the pill of knowledge which it is sought thus surreptitiously to wash down in the draught of light and watery writing. The two elements of utility and amusement, the permanent and the ephemeral, being thus combined, it is well that something should be done to discriminate between their respective effects, and to assign to each its more appropriate destination. It may not be possible to recur often, for the purposes of delectation, to the pages of a fiction intended merely for the rapid reading of the moment, while it may appear highly desirable to put by for

\* *Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers*. By Andrew Wynter, M.D. London: Hardwicke. 1863.



permanent use and consultation articles which embody points of useful information and facts of general or perhaps recondite interest. There is a great and growing demand just now for literature of the latter kind. The well-meant efforts of the ultra-enthusiasts of the Useful Knowledge school at no time perhaps came up to the measure of success anticipated for them, owing to their not being compounded with sufficient of that electuary of amusement which is needed to disguise the flavour of the medicine. Their place has, in consequence, fallen to those who are more cunning in flavouring the compound, and who understand how to please the palate while ministering nutriment to the stomach. There must, of course, not be too much concentration in the viands thus made up for the mental digestion; and such periodicals as we have in view are conspicuous for their tact in eschewing the truths of science or criticism in their stronger and severer forms, and subjecting the harder meats to that masticatory process which should fit them for the tenderer organs of babes in learning. It is not for the scientific or the critical that their weekly pabulum is put together; nor is it fair, therefore, to scrutinize with too searching or cynical an eye the degree of intellectual value that may attach to these contributions to popular science. It is something that they discharge their task of mediating between the philosophic and the unlearned classes, and triturating the hard morsels of scientific discovery down to a point at which they may suit the understanding of the commoner body politic.

Now that "common things" have risen to the dignity of a department of education, and are thought to constitute the main superiority of our generation over our less instructed forefathers, it is but natural to find that ambitious class of subjects in possession of its organs in the periodical press. It would, of course, be incompatible with the objects of these prints, whatever the hopes with which they may have originally started, to profess a very high intellectual standard, as it would be no less absurd to embody their semi-scientific lucubrations in language intelligible only to minds of precise and technical training. A peculiar style of expression is the indispensable offshoot of these prevent conditions—a style which is a sort of happy medium between the dry details of the school manual and the jauntiness of the penny-a-liner. A certain point and parade of paradox must be kept up, to impress the imagination of the vulgar. The reader must feel that he is, after all, sitting in the seat of the learner. A due awe is to be entertained of the majesty of knowledge. At the same time, he is not to be put to sleep by the dry monotone of the lecture. The same little bursts of eloquence and mild sallies of humour are to this end brought into play which have been found to tell so well in enhancing the effect of our latest popular preaching. The stare of wonder, alternating with the grin of pleased surprise, is the expression which the dispenser of these second-hand and retail scientific wares would seem to delight in conjuring up in the faces of his auditory. Not a little ingenuity and knowledge of the art is called into play in thus catering for two appetites at once; and no wonder it is thought a pity to let so many clever and taking things pass away with a single hearing, and, after the first week of their appearance, be as though they had never been. We are not, therefore, surprised at its being held worth while to offer a second chance of life to certain of these *ephemera*, and to re-issue in a more permanent form such specimens of that class of composition as seem to boast a more enduring value than the rest. A series of occasional effusions of the kind has, with this view, been made up from the contributions of a master of this happy knack of writing. The majority of the papers which compose the volume of *Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers* have, we are told, already appeared in the pages of certain popular periodicals. Dr. Wynter, the writer, is, indeed, modest enough to avow himself "half afraid that the public have had enough of them already;" and he has only been tempted to republish them by those flattering representations and solicitations which, from some quarter or other, seem never wanting to help the parturition of diffident, nervous, and distrustful genius. The practice of picking out articles from the columns of the periodical press for the purpose of republication has, at times, been somewhat sharply commented upon. And it is perfectly true that, in not a few cases, it is by no means easy to conjecture what may be the conceivable reason which appeared to call for such a resuscitation. In the instance of the reprints in the present instance vouchsafed to us, we are content, without taking upon ourselves the office of judgment, to put up with a selection which is intended to present us with the cream, without putting us to the trouble of skimming the general contents for ourselves, and of verifying by further trial the flavour of the residuary sky-blue.

In *Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers* we are invited to review what has been effected by such agencies as these towards impressing the mind of the age with "some of the chisel-marks of our industrial and scientific progress." In the processes shadowed out in the highly metaphorical language of this title we are not, perhaps, to look for any very deep or artistic cutting—the nature of the tools, no less than the quality of the material, preparing us for the more ordinary and superficial kinds of joinery. Taking the chips as the proverbial test of the journeyman's work, we can scarcely quarrel with the industry which has turned out so varied and thickly-piled a heap of cuttings. Scarcely an invention of the present day or a resuscitation from the past—an old-world superstition or a dream of nineteenth-century triumphs—but the stump-lecturer on science converts it into a peg for hanging up some didactic lesson, or a club to strike down some obtrusive form of popular ignorance. From the "buried Roman city" of Uriconium to the "under-sea

railroad;" from the growth and analysis of our food—the "bread we eat" and the "roast beef of old England"—to the "restoration of our soil" by chemical agencies; through all the changing scenes of life, from the "mortality of babies" through "doctors' stuff," "small pox in London," and "advice by a retired physician," to the cheerful wind-up of "a day with the coroner"—Dr. Wynter has the art of conducting his inquiring friends with the fluency of a cicerone through a cathedral. So glib is his faculty of description, so omnigenous his *farrago libelli*. It is the Polytechnic in print. And then the style! This is a perfect model in its way. So deftly does it touch in a breath the several chords that vibrate to the heart of the Cockney, and flatter the smug middle-class reader for whom pains are specially taken, that with this short, cheap manual in hand, he can look down with the pride of conscious superiority upon the puny wisdom of the ancients. Mr. Cobden finds more worth reading in a single number of the *Times* than in "all the works of Thucydides." And our ingenuous youth have but to be duly crammed with the contents of *Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers* to swell with the sense of modern importance, and wonder how those poor ill-educated ancients ever got on without excursion-trains and the Kensington Museum:—

Five minutes' walk through this Museum is sufficient to satisfy me of the profundity of the remark that "it is society that invents." Let us take the subject of steam as a motive power, and let us see how long the idea has been before the world. Here, on the walls, we find a coloured drawing of Hero's steam-engine invented one hundred and thirty years before Christ! We can scarcely conceive that whilst Pan was still young, and whilst great was Diana of the Ephesians, the thin white vapour which now moves the world was even then dandled as a second infant Hercules. Hero's idea of the application of the elastic force of the youthful giant was confined to simply projecting it against the resisting medium of the air; a hollow spindle connecting with two arms turned in opposite directions being filled with steam, the two jets acting on the air, gave the simple machine a revolving action. What centuries of thought lie between this and the great engine of the Leviathan steamer, a model of which is to be found in this room!

In these centuries we find the names of Solomon de Caus, Giovanni Branca, Torricelli, the Marquis of Worcester, Denis Papin, Thomas Savery, Thomas Newcomen, and Watt, to say nothing of the host of inventors who have added improvements in the present century. All of these studious men have nursed the mighty infant through the ages, until its limbs present their present gigantic proportions; and yet we say, familiarly enough, that steam is still in its infancy; and, without doubt, the New Zealander, could he exhumate the museums of science of his day, will be able to read a list of improvers of steam as numerous as those we have already had.

We have here a perfect specimen of the style to which the modern practice of popularizing science has given birth. It is the sublimation of the rapid and the common-place—philosophy teaching by easy figures, and figures which please as much by their triteness as by the readiness with which they are made to fall in with the self-complacency of modern conceit. Popular taste can never tire, it seems, of that image of the "colossal man" to whom a race of our intellectual proportions is encouraged to liken itself; and here we are taken back in idea to the time when the "youthful giant" was in long-clothes, and "dandled" as a second "infant Hercules." Steam is but an obvious type of that mighty intellect of our day which has grown too big for the arms of its parents and nurses, while it flatters itself with the thought of what it is yet to grow to, and dearly loves to hear it whispered that the darling is "still in its infancy." This select sample of pseudo-scientific cant would fall sadly short of its own standard if it did not wind up with that eternal "New Zealander" which the purveyors of this kind of intellectual grocery clearly think to be the finest plum to be picked out of Lord Macaulay's writings. That promised idol of the penny-a-liner's worship will find his greatest consummation and bliss, when he duly comes from the antipodes, in walking through the endless "museums of science of his day," with some Dr. Wynter at his elbow to tell of the small things they used already to do in their way at South Kensington in the middle of the nineteenth century; though we hardly see what that favoured personage need have to do with "exhuming" the museums of his day, whatever may be the thirst with which Dr. Wynter may inspire him for digging among the *débris* of our own.

A couple of dozen pages at the end of the volume are headed "Poems." We are not told which of the periodicals from which this compilation has been generally made up was so fortunate as to secure those contributions for its poetical columns. It was doubtless well that the writer suffered himself to be persuaded, as he tells us, that he had "not yet exhausted the public patience;" else we should in all probability have remained ignorant of the quality of article which it has been thought desirable to reprint under that category, and the more so because, in these extracts, we have a last chance of knowing what his powers in that department have been. "Professional work" will not permit him so to "trespass again upon the good nature of his readers," his pen being henceforward dedicated to the "main business of his life—the study of mental disease." Of the doctor's proficiency in this his chosen branch of professional practice the reader may have future opportunities of judging. Meanwhile, it may be with satisfaction that he points to the possession of a faculty so conducive, in an indirect sense, to the successful treatment of those diseases as is the power of tuneful composition. For the beneficial uses of the harp and lyre in the darkest and least tractable forms of mania we have the highest kind of precedent. The minstrel's art may no less happily supplement the science of the physician now than in the days of Saul. An additional mode of turning these compositions to account in the same direction may suggest itself at the present moment. Few things are generally found more beneficial to the overwrought or abnormal brain than gentle

intellectual exercises of a novel and out-of-the-way character. Chacrades, puzzles, and ingenious mental trifles of such kinds have thus been held applicable to this remedial end. It would be a nice thing to set the brains of the poor people in an asylum at work to find out where the "poetry" is latent in compositions of this description. Given so many lines of the sort now before us, cut up into approximate lengths, each beginning with a capital letter, and starting fairly from the left hand of the page, it would be for the patient to make out the peculiar points of metre or rhythm which form the common difference between poetry and prose. For those more advanced subjects who like to do without the adventitious aids with which the printer's arrangement has supplied the eye, the puzzle might readily be made tougher, to their hearts' content, by printing the lines as simple prose, leaving it to the reader's imagination to do all the rest. The experiment might be made, for instance, with the opening passage of the first of these "poems," entitled "A Garden Scene:"—

How the great sun is shining on the slope of strawberry-roots! Ah! there's my pet, running her white hands under the cool leaves, diving for the red fruit tassels. I'd have some painter now to catch her eager look, arch brows and lips out-blushed by berry juice; and just that glint of gold athwart her brow, let through the rent in her broad summer hat, that droops as languid as a poppy flower on her sunned shoulders. . . . I'll take the shady holme-walk leading to the root-house. Old Joseph sees me coming down the path, and wipes his forehead with a serious look. I'll warrant, now, he's got some curious graft or monster flower to show. I hate such tricks on Nature (plague take the parchment names the pruning knife gives to God's simple flowers). And yet there's something in the earthy man that poses one; his shoes look just like roots. I've watched him in the hot-house, muttering to the long, hairy creeping plant, hung up by four thin threads to the great branching vine; and slow I've seen him dodge the blue-bottles with thick, unwieldy fingers 'cross the panes; then stealthily go feed the Venus fly-trap, and as the delicate green leaves curled round the glistening villains, how the clod would grin!

It would take, we should imagine, very "subtle brains" to show cause why this singularly prosaic description should be elevated into the category of poetry; and extremely "lissom fingers" would be needed to twist or cut up these sentences into anything like metrical order. There are forms of "mental disease" in which the faculties are preternaturally acute; there are others which owe their origin to over-straining the mind over hopeless and insoluble problems. It may be possible to calculate the benefit to be extracted from literary nostrums such as this, in the case of the insane, by the homœopathic rule of their effect upon the healthy understanding. To drive a critical and sensitive mind beside itself may be the next thing to working a cure upon such existing victims of intellectual lunacy as sit down to read these lines. And, to exemplify another principle of the homœopathic theory, an infinitesimal portion of the compound will be all that is required for that purpose.

#### MORAYSHIRE.\*

BOOKS on natural history and sporting always produce the unpleasant feeling that they are more or less in the nature of epitaphs. Wild lands and wild animals of necessity recede before improvements. Even in America, we are told, buffaloes are growing scarce, and such oases of desolation as still remain in our own island exist upon sufferance only, and would be improved off the face of the earth if they were not capable, by good luck, of being put in the light of luxuries. One of their advantages is, that, whilst they still exist, they supply from time to time material for very pretty books—books which, without any considerable claims to literary merit, nevertheless give the reader a very substantial amount of pleasure, and make him like the author, or his memory, as the case may be. Mr. St. John's posthumous notes on the natural history of Morayshire are a very favourable specimen of books of this kind. The author died, as many of our readers are no doubt aware, at the comparatively early age of forty-five, in 1856. An interesting little sketch of his life is prefixed to the present volume by his friend and fellow-sportsman, Mr. Innes. He was born in 1811, and appears to have led the life of an idle lad fashionably connected. He was a member of the Bolingbroke family, and was a clerk in the Treasury till his marriage, in 1834. His wife had property enough to allow of his settling down somewhere on the Moray Firth, and devoting himself exclusively to sporting and natural history. Certainly, the life of a perfectly unoccupied man in a small house in the country, with no other resources than shooting, fishing, and boating, would appear at first sight to be as unprofitable an existence to the world at large as could well be imagined. Mr. St. John, however, had an eye for natural objects, and he had also the power of describing what he observed in singularly simple and interesting language. His books have just those merits which might be expected to be found in the writings of a thorough gentleman much interested in what he had to say, and absolutely free from all affectation in saying it. His books have many of the qualities which distinguish White of Selborne's writings, though they relate to wilder creatures, and are neither so philosophical nor so pensive.

Mr. St. John's lines had certainly fallen in pleasant places. He lived in what is probably not only the wildest part of Great Britain, but the part where there are the greatest number of different kinds of wildness. The Moray Firth abounds in every kind of sea fowl for which the neighbouring lakes and heaths

afford temporary shelter. Cultivated land, deer forests, rivers, and lochs were all accessible to Mr. St. John, and all furnished specimens of their most characteristic productions for his observation. His editor has arranged his papers in the form of a sort of Journal, not confined to one year, but extending over many; yet he has contrived to make it both consecutive and, in some degree, systematic, by dividing it not according to years but according to months, so that we get an account of the habits of the different creatures as they present themselves in order of time from January to December. Though there are an almost infinite variety of them, the birds are the most numerous, and perhaps, on the whole, the most amusing; and of the birds the wild swans may claim the first place. They were obviously great favourites with Mr. St. John, who testified his regard for them by constantly observing, and occasionally, though by no means wantonly, waylaying and shooting them. They come—or, in Mr. St. John's time, for their number is diminishing, they used to come—in flocks of one or two hundred at a time in October or November. "There is a wild harmony in their bugle-like cry as they wheel round and round, now separating into small companies as each family of five or six seems inclined to alight, and now all joining again in a long undulating line, waiting for the word of command from some old leader." Protected by a single sentry, who, however, is duly relieved at intervals, they sleep in a long row on their first arrival, after washing in a stream of fresh water; and when they are sufficiently rested, they feed all day on water plants in the lochs. They are not easy to kill, on account of the strength of their feathers, and they will carry away a great deal of shot. One which Mr. St. John killed flew half a mile before he fell. He weighed 27 pounds, and was 8 feet across the wings, and 5 feet long.

The swans are the most interesting of the sea-fowl, but the commoner species must well repay the attentive student of their habits. The Moray Firth is densely peopled by them, and their knowledge of their own particular nests and eggs was always a matter of astonishment to Mr. St. John. "Each guillemot and each razor-bill amongst the countless thousands flies straight to her own single egg, regardless of the crowds of other birds, and undecieved by the myriads of eggs which surround her." In the same way, when the young are hatched, each old bird takes the food which it has provided to one particular young one of the innumerable multitude that are swimming about. One singular observation is made by Mr. St. John which we do not remember to have seen before. He says that the reason why water runs off a duck's back is not that the feathers are oily, but that they are kept by muscular action in a position which makes them waterproof. The proof is, that as soon as a sea-bird is shot he gets wet like any other creature. The same is true of the otter. Certainly birds can and do alter the set of their feathers to suit particular circumstances. In a hard frost a partridge will ruffle up its feathers in a most curious way, so as to get as many slices of air as possible between his skin and the cold outside.

Birds of prey, of course, form a prominent feature in Mr. St. John's observations. He gives the usual stories about the rapidity with which ravens, buzzards, &c., congregate round the dead body of an animal, though they were previously not in sight. He hits upon the same explanation of this that was given some years ago by an Indian officer, whose work we noticed at the time. It is, he thinks, the effect of a sort of aerial telegraph. An old crow, wheeling about in search of food at a great height, swoops down on a dead cat. Other crows are similarly wheeling at great distances, but not out of each other's sight, and as soon as No. 2 sees No. 1 swoop, he sets off to get his share of the dinner. No. 3 sees No. 2, and No. 4 sees No. 3, and so on, till the cat is surrounded by a host of carrion-eaters. The raven is getting very scarce in Scotland, as elsewhere, but the carrion, or rather the hooded crow, is still common and very destructive. Mr. St. John mentions one curious point about these creatures. Many of them feed on shell-fish, and he adds, "I have frequently seen one near the sea rise to a considerable height with a mussel and drop it on a rock in order to crack the shell—an act which amounts to reasoning." Still more curious is a note by the editor to the effect that Lord Cockburn had told him that he had seen the crows on a windy day allow for the effect of the wind—aim off the target like a rifleman.

Mr. St. John reluctantly admits that some vermin must be extirpated, but he greatly and justly regrets it, and he makes out rather a stronger case in favour of them than he himself seems to think. Probably the doctrine that there is a natural balance which, if let alone, would adjust the proportions of wild animals, is better recognised now than it was some years ago, and it may be hoped that it will be recognised and acted on still more widely. If it were, many beautiful and harmless, if not useful, species would be preserved, which are now threatened with destruction. Perhaps the owls are the most interesting of these. They are admirable mousers. One of them, kept in captivity by Mr. St. John, helped probably by "his relations and friends who visit him at night," caused the mice utterly to disappear from Mr. St. John's garden, to the great profit of its produce. It is not stated that this useful creature was identical with the one which met a melancholy fate at the hands of an old friend:—

My tame peregrine, after some years of perfect friendship and alliance with our pet owl, ended in killing and eating her, a piece of ungenerous barbarism which I should not have suspected so fine a bird would have committed.

\* *Natural History and Sport in Morayshire.* Collected from the Journals and Letters of the late Charles St. John, Author of "Wild Sports in the Highlands." Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1863.



Fishes naturally come in for some part of Mr. St. John's observation. His book contains some excellent stories of battles with salmon, which it would be a shame to abbreviate, and it also gives many curious particulars about fish of less pretensions. There is an account of herring-fishing, which makes the reader long to repeat the author's experiences amongst the herring-boats. These are manned partly by the regular fishermen, who are almost all of Danish descent and speak the English language, and partly by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders who come down to the coast for this occasion only. The line between the two languages is as well marked, and apparently as arbitrary, as it is in parts of Switzerland. Nairn is cut in half by it just as Fribourg is by the line between German and French. The Highlanders pay their rent, and in fact provide their ready-money for the year, out of the herring-fishery. The description of the fishery is extremely happy:—

I have been out in a herring-boat during the fishing, and a very beautiful thing it is to see the nets hauled in with thousands of herrings, looking in the moonlight like so many pieces of the brightest silver flashing in the calm water. When not employed with the nets, the men generally fish with hooks for cod, halibut, &c.—all fish caught in this manner being the perquisite of the man who catches them; and frequently they make a good profit by this, as the cod collect in vast numbers about the herring-fishing grounds, and are caught as quickly as the hooks can be dropped into the water. Sometimes the cod, their great indistinctly seen forms looking like the pale ghosts of fish, come close to the surface round the boats, and seize the bait as soon as it touches the water.

This is a singularly vivid little picture.

Mr. St. John has one or two curious notices of the instincts of fish. "Trout," he says, "when they drop off the hook by accident, always wriggle towards the water, and never from it." He also says, though "almost afraid to tell the story," that he once saw a trout six inches long which had been left in a small pool by a rise of the water, "making its way over the dry stones across a ridge that separated the pool from the river, the distance being a full yard. When it saw the trout immediately turned itself round, and wriggled back into the pool it had come from." Of beasts Mr. St. John has naturally less to say than of birds and fishes. We are, however, glad to learn that there are still many badgers in Scotland, and that they are not much disturbed. They are immensely strong and very cunning, and occasionally show a certain degree of something like fierceness. One of them, on one occasion, charged a keeper of Mr. St. John's, who was standing so as to obstruct the entrance to a hole which the badger wanted to use, "uttering a most ill-natured kind of grunt, with all his hair standing straight on end, and showing his teeth in so determined a manner as to take away all presence of mind from the old fellow," and to carry his point.

Here and there, notices are given by Mr. St. John of matters which do not immediately relate to his sporting pursuits. He tells us, for instance, that his keeper had told him that when there was a display of the Aurora—or, as they call it there, the Merry Dancers—on a very calm night, and in perfect stillness, he had often thought he had heard "a faint rustling noise like the moving of dead leaves." Mr. St. John says he was interested in this, as he had sometimes thought he had heard the same thing; but "never having heard it asserted by any one else, I had always been rather shy of advancing such a statement." The phenomenon has been repeatedly mentioned in nearly the same terms by Arctic explorers.

In conclusion, we may give, as an illustration of the ways of Highland shepherds, the following estimate of some braxy mutton, the produce of a sheep which had died "of a kind of inward mortification":—

Deed, your honour, it's no that bad considering we did not find the sheep for some days after it died, and the corbies had pulled it about a bit. The weather was gay an' wet at the time, or it would not have had such a high flavour; but we steeped it a day or so to get rid of the greenness of the meat.

#### THE BOHEMIANS OF THE FLAG.\*

A GENUINE admiration for Bohemianism seems a radical characteristic of all Frenchmen, although the practice of the mode of life which that phrase denotes is perhaps little more congenial to them than to any other nation. As a matter of statistics, there are probably very many more Bohemians in London than in Paris, though of an utterly different type; but in Paris their achievements and the general scheme of their life seem admirable, while in our eyes few things are more objectionable. The ordinary citizen of Paris or Lyons is as much a slave to conventionality in religion, in customs of trade, in manners, as the corresponding class in London or Liverpool, but he adores the daring souls who have thrown off the social chain. That is to say, he adores them at a distance and in books, though he would be sorry enough to see their names in his ledger, or to find that his son designed to forsake the shop-board for the charms of Bohemia. The secret of this sympathy is, no doubt, the rollicking wit that is an essential trait in every true Bohemian. Bohemian wit is broad, coarse, and strongly flavoured. A keen relish for this buffo humour is foreign to the large majority of Englishmen, but even the gravest Frenchman possesses it in high perfection, and forgives much by reason of it. Villon—that most incorrigible of poets and villains, who ought to have been hung on four separate occasions for his offences, but was respited for the sake of his genius—may serve to illustrate this. A man whose only reflection, in the prospect of immediate execution, was that his neck would know what a less

worthy portion of him weighed, was too great to be destroyed for even the most monstrous offence. Puritanism and difference of race may perhaps account for the comparative dullness of Britons to most of the impressions springing from that recklessly audacious humour in which a Parisian takes such delight. The lack of this element in the national character is far from being a matter of unmixed self-congratulation. M. Camus, for example, who seems to write either from experience or from very close personal observation, bears witness to the practical benefits conferred by the Bohemians of the flag, and tells us that ten such men in a troop will enliven their surly comrades, and when in the depths of weariness will awaken in them the old note of gaiety. A single rascal of this kind is enough to keep a whole "section" in roars of laughter, singing, haranguing, playing the fool, and all in such a way as to infect his comrades with his own exuberant spirit. Nobody who has not carried his knapsack and munched biscuits during the long hours of a march across the sandy plains of Algeria can, according to M. Camus, form any idea of the real importance of these Bohemians of the barrack at a time when gloom has seized even the strongest. Our own troops in India would probably be all the happier, and do their work all the better, if they had more of the un-English taste for buffoons with unquenchable gaiety and light-heartedness.

It may, however, justly be questioned whether the mild Hindoo would relish the presence of these *Zéphirs*, who are as light-fingered as they are light-hearted. The British soldier may be surly, stiff, and stupid, but he is taught to be more or less honest. These bearers of Latin civilization into Algeria, on the other hand, are thieves to a man, and whatever amusement may be found in M. Camus's book is derived from the bold unscrupulousness of their robberies. It is in the doings rather than the sayings of these *farceurs* that their wittiness is observed. The spoken humour of the Bohemians of the flag—their songs and *jeux d'esprit*—may possibly be as rich and full-blooded as among their brethren of the Latin Quarter, but, as M. Camus occasionally hints, it falls into an excess of plainness which makes any reproduction of it in print impossible. The soldiers of all nations are coarse, but those of France are especially given to "calling a cat a cat, and a canteen-girl a—canteen-girl." M. Camus's account of the Bohemians of the barrack is, accordingly, not remarkable for any considerable amount of humorous speech. There is, however, the usual spice which is seldom absent from French dialogues, and in which the lively ruffians in Algeria naturally excel their respectable countrymen. The use of the second person singular, where we always talk of *you* and *yours*, is universal among French soldiers, and helps to impart a pleasant sort of piquancy to their conversation. But, after all, the subject is rather wearisome in the hands of M. Camus. The life and habits of the scum of the French army could scarcely be otherwise. The life of a private soldier looks very fine and dashing when viewed through a certain medium; but if you follow him from parade to the barrack, and thence to his favourite haunts, his existence is as mean and vulgar an affair as that of a cabman or a crossing-sweeper. We scarcely expect him to live any other kind of life, but we do not want it to be held up in the colours of M. Camus as something superlatively gay and splendid. M. Camus has rather too much of the manner of a recruiting-sergeant haranguing a crowd of rustics, and his readers are not long in detecting that he has made large use of romance in his description. Just as, in Murger's *Bohemia*, everybody knew that there was a vast difference between the gay picture of the author and the squalid, feverish, and dirty wretchedness of the original, so, in the *Bohemia* of M. Camus, we easily recognise that he is only representing exceptional phases of the life of an Algerian soldier.

The effective force in Algeria is made up from divers sources, both French and indigenous. The Spahis, whose recent visit to Paris occasioned so much excitement in that city, are the most remarkable of the native troops whom the French conquerors have organized, as we organized the Sepoys. Their accoutrements are of the richest kind, and a red burnous and enormous saddle of curious construction, together with quaint stirrups, invest them with a wild and striking appearance, although rather of the theatrical stamp. The Zouave looks quite as wild and ferocious as the Spahi, and he looks, moreover, as if he was meant for business, while the Spahi has something of the Astleian supernumerary about him. The Spahis have, it seems, a great sense of their own dignity. They observe the precepts of the Koran, which the more lax Turco neglects, and religiously eschew all alcoholic drinks, except when overcome by the social fascinations of their Gallic brethren-in-arms. They are energetic, ready for any exploit that may offer, incapable of weakness or treason, and so form a body of natural interpreters between their fellow-countrymen and their masters. Although grave and assiduous in doing their military duties, they retain the common Mussulman sensuality. One of them was in the habit of saying oracularly, "One thing only is a worthy symbol of happiness—a soft divan, surrounded by pretty women and large dishes of *couscousou*." In fact, their self-respect, even according to M. Camus's own account, must be rather theoretical than practical, for a favourite song among the French soldiers describes—

L'altier Spahis,  
Au gosier sec, à la voix dure,  
Qui fait l'éloge de l'eau pure  
Quand il est gris  
Comme un biskria (street-porter).

But, in spite of their partiality for *couscousou*, pretty women, and singing the praises of cold water when they are drunk, the Spahis

\* *Les Bohèmes du Drapeau*. Par Antoine Camus. Paris: Brunet. 1863.

are in no common sense of the term Bohemians, either of the flag or anything else. M. Camus, however, seems to have given the name indiscriminately to all the troops in Algeria, whether solemn Turcos and haughty Spahis, or French ragamuffins. The latter class have, indeed, a large element of genuine Bohemianism in their composition. They are made up of the incorrigibles of all the regiments in the French army, of graduates—"fruits secs des collèges"—of lads expelled from military schools, notaries' clerks "who have fallen out with stamped paper," and of peasants proud of the grenadier's cockade. Such is the choice crew sent forth to preach the gospel of civilization to the barbarous tribes by the enlightened head of Latin Christendom. Their proceedings in Algeria are of a piece with their pleasing antecedents. The French are very fond of taunting us with our extortionate conduct to the Hindoos; but their own representatives in the country which is to them what India is to us make no secret of their unscrupulous exactions from the unlucky natives. M. Camus is too sound a patriot to publish anything against them of a very serious nature, but we may reasonably argue from their proceedings in small matters to those of greater moment. One *Zéphir* tells how he made up a large quantity of cartridges containing no more powerful ingredient than a little charcoal, and then sold them at an extortionate price to a native. Another steals a handsome cat to which the native owner had attached great value, and makes it into *bouillon* and *bouilli*; and when the said owner comes, full of indignation and lament, to reclaim his property, he is summarily kicked out of the camp. On one occasion, a troop of the Bohemians wished to make merry over the promotion of a comrade, but, the pay-day being remote, they lacked the needful sinews. Nothing daunted, one of their number conceives an idea, and hastens to deliver himself of it. There is in the neighbourhood an Arab chief of enormous wealth; so Durivet, this prince of barrack Bohemians, goes to the tent of the chief, and after paying the conventional salutations, tells him that there is a fine opportunity of earning the name of Ben-Kraley the Magnificent; that the colonel is going to give a dinner that night to the superior officers of the district, and that if Ben-Kraley would spontaneously send him presents of wine and meats, he would find a friend and patron for ever. Of course Ben-Kraley falls into the trap, and Durivet rejoins his companions laden with champagne, game, fowls, and "une gigantesque bouteille de rhum." That there was much intoxication that night among the Bohemians need not be said. But it is not only in practical jokes of this rather dubious sort that the dishonesty of the merry *Zéphir* displays itself. Durivet had formed a friendship for Ben-Salem, a Turco, and undertook to educate Ben-Salem in such a way as to rub off all foolish prejudices. Half-an-hour after this undertaking, he entered the room, and, seeing several soldiers of the line looking about for things they had lost, made a sign to Ben-Salem to hold his peace. As soon as the importunate searchers had gone away, he pulls out of his baggy pantaloons a shirt, a pair of shoes, some comestibles, and two enormous packages of tobacco. The simple-minded conscript was bewildered, and thought he saw double. But his Mentor speedily reassures him, and in the course of time he became as great an adept at this kind of theft as his teacher. Such men as Durivet—and he is only the representative of a class—are, says M. Camus, perfect prodigies of astuteness and temerity. On the march all is fish that comes to his net—the officer's canteen, the haversack of the private, the boxes of the merchant. He picks locks, creeps under the tents, and defies the most persistent vigilance. He is, in fine, "incarnate theft," who roams about with his nose to the wind and his ears wide open, "toujours prêt à faire de l'ordre spéculatif sur le linge oublié au soleil, ou les provisions étalées aux abords de la cuisine." Hesiod called a thief by the gentle name of "one who sleeps by day," and this is intelligible, but it is surely a distortion of language to give the title of Bohemian to this military Fagin. It is like calling the Artful Dodger a kleptomaniac. The honest French citizen who loves to read about the Bohemians of Murger will scarcely have any sympathy with such excessive developments of the Bohemian spirit as are characteristic of the African battalion, nor will all M. Camus's rollicking euphemisms reconcile him to the vagaries of Turcos, Zéphirs, and Spahis. When next a French pamphleteer abuses the British for their tyranny over the untutored Indian, he may be referred to the following dialogue between a Bohemian warrior and a trembling Arab:—

"Peux-tu me loger?"  
 "Mais je suis pauvre," répond l'Arabe craintif.  
 "Moi aussi; nous nous entendrons."  
 "Mon doudar est à deux lieues d'ici."  
 "Mon cheval a de bonnes jambes; montre-lui le chemin."  
 "Je n'ai pas d'avoine."  
 "Tu en voleras."  
 "Je n'ai pas de farine."  
 "Tu en chercheras."  
 "Mais . . . . ."  
 "Veux-tu te taire et marcher, maudit chien! animal! ou je vais te rosser comme un mulet."

#### CHESNAU'S MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS.\*

THOSE who wish to know something about the modern schools of French painters, will do well to read the agreeable little volume in which M. Chesnau gives a general sketch of the history

\* *La Peinture Française au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle. Les Chefs d'École, L. David, Gros, Géricault, Decamps, Meissonier, Ingres, H. Flandrin, E. Delacroix.* Par Ernest Chesnau. Paris: Didier. 1863.

of the art since David, and illustrates his views by critical biographies of its chief professors. Little enough is known in England about the contemporary French school; but many who, for the first time, made acquaintance with some of its best works in the Foreign Gallery of the International Exhibition, may earnestly wish to learn more about it. They will find in M. Chesnau an intelligent and independent guide, although it is possible that they may often dissent from his particular criticisms. For example, it will be a surprise and a shock to many to find not only the sensuous Paul Delaroche, but the refined idealist Ary Scheffer, rather severely handled by the present critic, while Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur is not deemed worthy of even incidental notice.

What M. Chesnau chiefly sees and deplores in the art-movement of the day is its anarchy. No longer are there two clearly defined antagonistic schools, the Classic and the Romantic, but every painter seems bent on striking out an original line of his own. Technical skill, he says, is prodigiously and universally developed in these days, but art has lost its true ideal and its moral aim. It was Louis David who first revolutionized the art of his time. He broke off at one blow all the moral and professional traditions which he found in force; and the Romantic school of later days may be regarded as nothing but a natural reaction against his too-sweeping reform. The pupils of David himself soon began to desiderate the rich colouring of the older schools, which their master had practically proscribed; and, next, they revolted against the insipid monotony of the Greek and Roman subjects to which the revived classical school wished to restrict them. This rebellion was really headed by Gros, though that painter was all the time an unconscious traitor. His vigorous battle-pieces, his "Pestiférés de Jaffa" and his "Eylau," were inspired by a hearty longing for truth and reality. The breach was widened by Géricault. He cared nothing for the worn-out demigods of antiquity, nor even for the more recent heroes of the Empire. For him "point de héros, point de nu, point d'académie." His first exhibited work was an officer of the Guides, in modern uniform and in full combat; his next, that striking—and we must add, revolting—"Shipwreck of the Medusa" which, on the walls of the Louvre, not only astonishes but shocks every beholder by its cynical realism:—

C'est la France elle-même (says Michelet of this picture), c'est notre société tout entière qu'il embarqua sur ce radeau de la Méduse. Image si cruellement vraie que l'original refusa de se reconnaître. On recula devant cette peinture terrible; on passa vite devant; on tâcha de ne pas voir et de ne pas comprendre. "Ce tableau est trop triste, il y a trop de morts; ne pouvait-il pas faire un naufrage plus gai?"

The Romantic school in France has been always a minority. M. Chesnau thus enumerates its chief members:—two sculptors, Moyné and Prault; one landscape-painter, Paul Huet; and, of the rest, Boulanger, Fleury, Devéria, Ary Scheffer, and Eugène Delacroix, whose lamented death occurred a few weeks ago. The chief opponent to this school is M. Ingres, who is here claimed as the legitimate descendant and representative of David. Remembering that exquisite picture of "La Source," which was perhaps the gem of French art in the International Exhibition, we must dissent from the entire justice of M. Chesnau's estimate of this painter:—

Peut-être devrait-on reprocher à M. Ingres d'avoir, pour son compte, trop exclusivement sacrifié au culte de la ligne, non seulement aux dépens de la couleur, ce qui est devenu un lieu commun, mais parfois aux dépens de la vérité anatomique et, ce qui est plus grave, presque toujours aux dépens de l'expression, c'est-à-dire de la vérité morale.

To the same school must be credited Hippolyte Flandrin, Ingres' chief pupil. Flandrin and Delacroix, it may be observed, enjoy an equal reputation as religious painters, although they are the representatives of opposed schools. In M. Chesnau's opinion, Paul Delaroche aimed at an eclectic mean between the two schools, and thus became the author of the present confusion and disorganization of French art:—

Quelle fut son erreur! (he exclaims). Il composa ses tableaux d'anecdotes romantiques exécutées dans les procédés classiques. Grâce à son esprit ingénieux et fin, il réussit à surprendre l'adhésion presque unanime du public français, et de son succès date le débordement de futilités, d'inutilités qui encombrent encore à présent nos expositions.

It is not, however, so much to Delaroche's direct influence as to the indirect effect of his corruption of the public taste, that M. Chesnau attributes the present degradation, as he considers it, of painting in France. It is this which is responsible for the occasional departure of Horace Vernet from his legitimate battle-pieces—for example, the "triste enfantillage" of those Scriptural scenes which he has occasionally treated with the natural details of Oriental life as studied by him among the Arabs of Algiers. The majority of modern artists are declared to be mere imitators, "sans accent personnel, sans vigueur, sans vertu originale;" from whom, however, a few names emerge, by virtue of their original though misguided powers, such as those of Baudry, Barrias, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Hébert, Benouille, and Ary Scheffer himself. To these must be added Gérôme, and Couture, whose "Orgie Romaine" has made a considerable sensation even on this side of the Channel. But two contemporary artists—standing quite distinct from all their colleagues, without masters and without pupils, though with many rivals and imitators—must be noticed separately. These are Meissonier and Decamps—the one devoting himself to the minute expression of human character and sentiment, the other a mere landscape-painter. And, lastly, there is the school of the professed realists, headed by M. Courbet. This last is regarded by M. Chesnau as a counter-reaction against the depraved taste of the



followers of Delaroché, and may be compared, we suppose, to the so-called *Præ-Raffaellites* among ourselves. Of the contemporary landscapists, M. Chesnau distinguishes three schools—the Historic, represented by M. Aligny; the Romantic, represented by M. Paul Huet; and the Natural, which is the most fashionable, and which reckons as its chief followers MM. Théodore Rousseau and Daubigny. M. Corot stands aloof, in a style and method of his own. Finally, the *genre* painting of the time, properly so called, is said to have made no progress since the time of Chardin in the last century. M. Granet is the leading name in this department. The caricaturists do not fall within the scope of our author's sketch, though he enumerates the most distinguished among them—Carle Vernet, Pigal, Charlet, Daumier, Henri Monnier, Gavarni, Trimolet, and Traviès—some of whom have won already a European fame. This brief summary affords a most useful bird's-eye view of modern French art, and is a necessary introduction to M. Chesnau's biographical "monographs," as he calls them, of David, Gros, Géricault, Decamps, Meissonier, Ingres, Flandrion, and Delacroix.

In writing a memoir of Louis David, M. Chesnau has been anticipated by the excellent biography of that artist published some five years ago by M. Delécluze. It is only necessary to quote his concluding sentence:—

David ne fut donc un peintre de génie, ni un peintre de sentiment; il fut un peintre d'intelligence. Si l'on osait dire toute sa pensée, lorsqu'on songe à la manière dont il a transformé les calmes et les pures beautés de la Grèce, on pourrait lui appliquer le misérable mot du sculpteur Falconnet parlant de Michel-Ange. "L'ami, vous avez l'art de rapetisser les grandes choses."

Of all David's immediate pupils, Antoine Jean Gros was the only one who showed original genius. The sketch of his life here given is interesting enough, in spite of the affected style in which it is written. But to this one is accustomed in modern French writing. For example, the first considerable success made by Gros is recounted in a chapter called "La Lumière;" his prime is headed "La Pitié;" and the last portion of his artistic life is "La Décadence." M. Chesnau declares that the greatest work of this painter is his "Battle-field of Eylau;" but interesting as this powerful picture may be as an example of realistic reaction from the conventionalism of David, the sentimental attitudinizing of Napoleon's figure is disgusting to common-sense critics. From this point Gros declined, partly (M. Chesnau thinks) from the hard necessity laid upon a Court painter of continually reproducing scenes of Imperial triumph. In 1835 he committed suicide. To him is due the credit of originating the modern method of battle-painting, and of introducing contemporary costume into his pictures. Horace Vernet and Yvon are his best known successors; and M. Pils, the young painter of the "Battle of the Alma," promises to continue the school. Born at Rouen in 1791, Géricault never shook off the sombre impressions of a youth spent among revolutionary troubles. It is said of him—"Il ne peignit jamais ni femme, ni enfant, ni soleil." His fondness for horses, however, was remarkable. We have already mentioned his famous "Wreck of the Medusa." Géricault, it seems, attempted suicide in London, where he brought his great picture for exhibition. He died prematurely, in 1824, of the consequences of two bad falls from his horse. M. Chesnau regards him as the David of the Romantic school, and as the author, in one sense, of modern art. Gabriel Decamps (1803-1860) is the representative of the Sensational, or Romantic, school of landscape-painters. M. Chesnau would consider him as in some sort an imitator of the style of Rubens among the ancients. But, in the pictures of Decamps, the human interest is always unduly subordinated to the scenery of the background. He was one of the first to discern the novelty and interest of Eastern landscape. The criticism of our author upon M. Meissonier seems to us just and moderate. He thinks him only inferior to the famous *genre* painters of Holland, in that he does not choose for the subjects of his painting matters of contemporary interest. To M. Ingres is denied the credit of originality; and he is characterized, in opposition to Delacroix, as essentially a materialist. His design is "physiologique;" and he is said to prefer anatomical to ideal truth of form. His "Source," for example, has a certain "plastic perfection," but no intelligence or expression. As the successor of David, M. Ingres is regarded as "la négation même du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle;" but, justly enough, his long and exemplary life is declared to be an honour to the nation which claims him. M. Hippolyte Flandrion is briefly reviewed, as the foremost pupil of Ingres, though his *métier* is that of a religious painter. Finally, Eugène Delacroix, the chief favourite of our author, is lauded as the best interpreter of the spirit of the age. To the position and influence of this artist in the contemporary French school we may possibly return on a future occasion.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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OF  
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London: Published at 35 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Miss LOUISA FAYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON respectfully announce that the EIGHTH SEASON will commence on Monday, October 12, with an entirely new Opera, by W. V. Wallace, entitled THE DESERT FLOWER.—The Box-office will be opened on Thursday, October 8. Prices as usual.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.—THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science will be held in Edinburgh, from the 7th to the 14th of October next. President—The Right Hon. Lord Brougham. Member's Subscription, One Guinea, entitling to the Volume of "Transactions." Associate's, 10s. Either Subscription admits to all the Meetings and Soirées. Ladies may be enrolled as Members or Associates. Subscriptions are received at the Offices in Edinburgh and London, where programmes of the Meetings, and every information relating to the Meeting, may be obtained.—Offices, City Chambers, Edinburgh; and 3 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

GEORGE W. HASTINGS, Hon. General Secretary.

THE MEMORIAL to the MANCHESTER CHURCH CONGRESS COMMITTEE, to permit the discussion on "Free and Open Churches" to take place in the Free-Trade Hall (instead of in a "section," whilst other subjects are engaging the attention of the Congress), will be presented on MONDAY NEXT. Signatures to be appended should be at once forwarded to the Secretaries of the National Association for Promoting Freedom of Worship, Hildesheim, Manchester.

SCIENCE and ART DEPARTMENT of the COMMITTEE of COUNCIL on EDUCATION, South Kensington.—The New Art Training Schools of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education will be OPENED for Public Inspection on Friday and Saturday, October 2 and 3, from Twelve till Nine p.m. The Classes assemble on Monday, October 5.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH.—The Session will be Publicly Opened on Monday, November 2, 1863, at Two o'clock p.m., when an Address to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir DAVID BROWNE. Full Details as to Classes, Examinations, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, will be found in the Edinburgh University Calendar, 1863-64, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Stewart, South Bridge, Edinburgh, price 2s.

By order of the Senate, ALEX. SMITH, Secretary to the University.

September, 1863.

## QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Galway.—The Session 1863-4 will commence on Tuesday, October 20, when the Scholarship, Supplemental, and other Examinations will be proceeded with as laid down in the Prospectus. The General Matriculation Examination in the several Faculties of Arts, Law, and Medicine, and in the Departments of Agriculture and Engineering, will be held on Friday, October 23. Further information, and copies of the Prospectus, may be had on application to the Registrar.

By Order of the President,

Queen's College, Galway, Sept. 15, 1863. WILLIAM LUFTON, M.A., Registrar.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.—CANDIDATES for Admission to this Club must have been at one of the following Public Schools:—Charterhouse, Harrow, Westminster, Eton, Rugby, Winchester. Prospectuses, &c., may be had on application to the Secretary, 17 St. James's Place, St. James's, S.W.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.—A GENERAL MEETING of the ORIGINAL MEMBERS of the Club will be held on October 3, at Five o'clock p.m., for the Election of a Committee and Admission of new Candidates.

W. A. SWIFT.

## ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES.

Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, K.C.B., F.R.S., &c. During the Session 1863-4, which will commence on the 24th of October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—1. Chemistry, By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. 2. Metallurgy, By John Percy, M.A., F.R.S. 3. Natural History, By R. H. Huxley, F.R.S. 4. Mineralogy, By Warington W. Smyth, M.A., F.R.S. 5. Mining, By Robert Willis, M.A., F.R.S. 6. Geology, By John Tyndall, F.R.S. 7. Applied Mechanics, By John Tyndall, F.R.S. 8. Physics, By John Tyndall, F.R.S. Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by Rev. J. Haythorne Edgar, M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is £20 in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of £10, exclusive of the Laboratories. Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School), under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy.

Tickets to separate Course of Lectures are issued at 2s. and 4s. each. Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Customs, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices. Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupils, Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established. For a Prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn Street, London, S.W.

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